

# Américas

APRIL . . . . 1956

## ADIOS SANTO TOMAS

Mexican village makes way  
for progress

## THE KRAHOS' WHITE CHIEF

Life with a Brazilian  
Indian tribe

## WHAT'S HAPPENED TO LATIN AMERICA'S SMALL TOWNS?

## FATHER AND SON

A short story

25

cents

At Alajuela, Costa Rica,  
agricultural agent shows 4-S  
Club members how to spray  
tomato plants to prevent  
fungus damage (see page 24)





# Américas

Volume 8, Number 4  
April 1956

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

## CONTENTS

### Page

- 2 ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT
- 3 ADIOS, SANTO TOMAS Betty Reef
- 8 WHAT'S HAPPENED TO LATIN AMERICA'S SMALL TOWNS? Fernando Guillén Martínez
- 13 A WORD WITH SUFLO CHAVEZ ORTIZ
- 14 THE KRAHOS' WHITE CHIEF Harald Schultz
- 19 NO AXE TO GRIND Aubrey B. Haines
- 21 FATHER AND SON (A short story) Máximo Fresero
- 24 4-S MEANS 4-H Ruth Brownlow Blandford
- 29 KNOCK ON WOOD Elizabeth B. Kilmer
- 33 OAS FOTO FLASHES
- 34 PRESENTING OUR NEW SECRETARY GENERAL
- 36 POINTS OF VIEW
- 39 BOOKS
  - BUILDING DOWN SOUTH Luis Vera
  - NEW BOOKS FROM MEXICO Luis Guillermo Piazza
- 43 GRAPHICS CREDITS
- 43 LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
- 45 WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SUGAR?

### Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.  
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Opposite: Polychrome spouted jar of the Coclé culture, which flourished in the vicinity of Santiago de Veraguas, Panama. Photograph by Paul H. Allen

## Dear Reader:

On April 14, 1890, eighteen nations taking part in the First International Conference of American States established the association and the agency that were to become the Organization of American States and the Pan American Union. Ever since 1930, that date has been celebrated throughout the Americas as Pan American Day.

This year, the sixty-sixth anniversary, is no exception. In this country, President Eisenhower will proclaim Pan American Day, and the period from April 9 through 14 as Pan American Week. Similar proclamations have been made by many state governors and city mayors. In the other American republics, the chief executives or congresses will follow the same procedure. They will be joined by thousands of clubs, civic groups, business firms, and schools in this celebration of Western Hemisphere solidarity.

Again this year, the Pan American Union has given wide distribution to packets containing information on the OAS and the member states and suggestions for Pan American Day observances. Requests for this material came in from as far away as Guam.

In Washington, the festivities will start off on the ninth with the dedication of a bust of the late Cordell Hull, former U.S. Secretary of State, ordered by the OAS Council to honor him for his contributions to Pan Americanism. Governor Clement of Secretary Hull's home state of Tennessee and representatives of the Cordell Hull Foundation will participate. The bronze bust, made by sculptor Bryant Baker from one he did in marble from life, will stand in the Aztec Garden of the Pan American Union.

The next day a color film on the OAS and its activities will receive its first showing, and special plates will be presented to the Ambassadors of the Latin American countries. The Chilean Ambassador will accept eyeglasses collected by Lions International in the Washington area and nearby states, for distribution by the Chilean Lions' "Bank of Light."

Wednesday the eleventh will be Coffee Day, with free samples provided by the Pan American Coffee Bureau.

The feature event of the twelfth will be a concert at the Pan American Union by the distinguished Chilean violinist Alfredo Wang. His compatriot Eliana Cory, at the piano, will join him in several numbers, including the first Washington performance of the *Sonata for Violin and Piano* by still another Chilean, Juan Orrego Salas.

Alberto Ginastera of Argentina and Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil will be among the composers represented next evening in a concert by the Budapest String Quartet at the Library of Congress in honor of Latin American musicians visiting the United States at the invitation of the State Department. The same day an exhibit of paintings by the Chilean artist Enrique Zañartu will open at the PAU.

The celebration will wind up on the fourteenth with a special session of the OAS Council, followed by a state luncheon. Wherever you are, we invite you to join in marking this anniversary.

THE EDITORS



# ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

## CHILE FIGHTS INFLATION

The inflationary trend that for so many years has affected the Chilean economy—and therefore the people's whole way of life—became especially acute at the beginning of World War II. Between 1937 and 1955 the cost-of-living index (in which the 1950 average price level equals 100) soared from 16 to approximately 600, with 1955 showing a rise of 92 per cent over the previous year. Successive governments have tried measures—of varying degrees of severity—to halt this alarming spiral. But various circumstances, mainly political, prevented the stabilization plans outlined in previous years from being put into practice.

Among the several causes of the inflationary trend should be noted continuing fiscal deficits, due in part to the heavy increase in public investment for promoting economic development programs; the expansion of bank credit; efforts to improve the economic situation of the wage-earning classes, including a large expansion of social security benefits that has had an undeniable effect on costs; and rising world prices for various essential imported products. Added to these factors were the sometimes negative effects of measures adopted for the very purpose of alleviating the effects of inflation—for example, the distortions resulting from the application of multiple exchange rates and subsidies. The insufficient expansion of agricultural production, which was unable to satisfy the increasing needs of a population that is growing rapidly while the process of industrialization is accelerating, tended in the same direction.

The present government is therefore undertaking a renewed all-out campaign against inflation. It engaged the private New York financial firm of Klein, Saks and Company to carry out technical studies of the economic plans and help formulate a stabilization program. To judge by the information already made available, the combination of measures proposed will cover practically every aspect of government economic policy, dealing with both the public and the private sectors of the economy. Recommendations are included that are designed to achieve relative stabilization of salaries, wages, and prices; check the expansion of bank credit, with qualitative as well as quantitative controls; modify the foreign-exchange system (with the idea of establishing a single exchange rate, eliminating the present licensing system, and adopting lists of products whose importation is forbidden); make public administration more efficient and reduce its personnel; balance the national budget, which would require elimination of the deficits of state-owned enterprises by raising their service charges and perhaps, in some cases, denationalizing them; reform and simplify the tax structure; and

modify the social security system.

One section of these plans has already been presented to Congress and adopted under the Price, Salary, and Wage Stabilization Law. Despite opposition from labor unions, its provisions for changing the automatic adjustments of wages and salaries have been put into effect. Instead of rising by the same percentage as the cost-of-living index, wages and salaries will be boosted only 50 per cent of the annual rise. The law also fixed maximum prices for a long series of essential commodities, although justifiable readjustments will be possible for both prices and wages in special cases.

Credit restrictions have also been put into effect. It is reported that they have already forced reductions in inventories accumulated, in some cases, with speculative eyes on the continuing price rise. Also largely as a result of credit restriction and the collapse of bullish expectations, there has been a marked drop in the quotation of the dollar in the free exchange market. It was decided to limit the increase in banks' loans and investments—which had been going on at the rate of 4 per cent a month—to 3½ per cent of the balance outstanding in December 1954, for March 1956, with an additional 3 per cent of that base figure permissible in April and only 2½ per cent more in May and again in June.

As we went to press, the Chilean Cabinet had just announced its approval of the free exchange system, without indicating the date or details of its application, and the International Monetary Fund had authorized this change. Chile looked for assistance from the Fund, private banks, and other sources, in establishing a stabilization fund to protect the value of the peso in the free market.

Other measures, including a recommended 20 per cent reduction in public administrative personnel, are still being studied. (Employees discharged under that proposal would continue to receive a percentage of their salary—dropping progressively from 75 to 25—for two years.)

The recent strength of copper—Chile's principal export product—in the international market should contribute a great deal to the successful application of the stabilization plan. Copper prices have reached and maintained the highest level in history. The recently announced authorization of a forty-million-dollar, thirty-year credit, payable in Chilean currency, for buying surplus U. S. agricultural products, should also help Chile's balance-of-payments position in 1956.

The adoption of several measures having a pronounced effect on the stability of the two main export industries—such as the new tax law designed to stimulate copper production and the nitrate agreement now under consideration in Congress, which would give the producers a better return on exports—should help to create a climate that will increase the inflow of foreign capital. Foreign investors have already been attracted by the favorable provisions of a recently passed law on the treatment of earnings and repatriation of capital.

The present stabilization plan, which is being followed with deep interest in international circles, undoubtedly represents the most serious attempt made in Chile to date to cope with the inflationary peril.—Armando Cassola



# adiós, SANTO TOMÁS

*A Mexican town transplanted*

BETTY REEF

ON THE FLAG MONUMENT in the square of Nuevo Santo Tomás, Mexico's newest, brightest, and most modern village, a dedication is inscribed: *Aquí vive un pueblo que supo sacrificarse por el progreso de México* (Here lives a town that was capable of sacrificing itself for the progress of Mexico).

Looking at this lovely little city, itself a symbol of progress with its neat rows of pastel-painted houses, curving paved streets, shopping arcades, modern school, and hospital, you might wonder what the sacrifice was that brought these people and this ideal place together. So you must hear the story of Santo Tomás de los Plátanos, an old Indian village about to disappear under a man-made lake from the waters of the Tilostoc River. The lake will be an important reservoir in the Miguel Alemán System, the greatest hydroelectric project in the country. This system of dams and power plants harnesses the waters of three rivers in Mexico State (the Salitre, the Ixtapán del Oro—of which the Tilostoc is a tributary—and the Zitácuaro). It supplies power to the entire region's booming industries and to fast-growing Mexico City, whose present population is four million.

As Mexico strives to industrialize and raise its living standards, electrification has become its greatest need. In the last three years, the program to develop and distribute electric power throughout the country has accelerated tremendously. The plans and power lines that the Comisión Federal de Electricidad (CFE) has built in this brief period equal in capacity all that had been constructed in the previous fourteen years of its existence. The present capacity of all government plants is more than seven hundred thousand kilowatts. As Carlos Ramírez Ulloa, the director of CFE, said in a recent speech, this is the equivalent of the physical labor of twenty-eight million men working day and night. Even so, it is not enough for the country's burgeoning industry and expanding population. Of thirty million Mexicans, only eleven million, a little more than one third, live in areas with electricity. Of these, about ten million depend on power produced by government generators, both water- and steam-driven. Present plans call for additional thermoelectric and hydroelectric plants to add another quarter million kilowatts by the end of this year.

Santo Tomás is an old town, typical of thousands in Mexico and of villages everywhere that stand in the path of unrelenting progress. From a distance, it looks

like a cluster of shabby houses, set in lush vegetation against a backdrop of magnificent mountains. As you approach, you become aware of its grubby streets, its squalor, its drab adobe huts. Yet it has the charm and homely familiarity that many generations of human habitation give a place. Located on a riverbank in the most fertile part of the whole region, Santo Tomás affords its sixteen hundred people the easiest possible life: they have only to gather the bountiful harvest from their fruit groves—mango, *mamey*, *zapote*, banana—and get it to market. True, the fruit must be carried many miles over mountain roads; on the other hand, the land is so fertile that the trees sag under their crops, almost without care or cultivation.

This is the village that must go. The people are unhappy to lose it. They care little about dirt or the lack of running water and a sewage system. Even those who have been to the nearest big city, Toluca, or as far as Mexico City, love the narrow, rutted streets where pigs and chickens and emaciated dogs jostle the children at play. Even the windowless hovels with old people huddled on the doorstep are beloved. To a stranger, however, the loss of such a clutter of decay seems like no loss at all in the bold forward march of Mexico.

Plans to relocate the villagers were drawn more than two years ago, when the need for a new reservoir arose. CFE engineers and surveyors began a search for the perfect site and found a dramatically beautiful spot farther up the mountain on which to create a model town. A leading civil engineer with the Commission, sixty-four-year-old Teodoro Albarrán y Pliego, took on the job of transforming a mountain forest into Nuevo

BETTY REEF, a free-lance writer-photographer, went to Santo Tomás on her second trip to Mexico, which she says is one of the most stimulating countries she has ever encountered. She has contributed to many U.S. and European magazines.

As Crisóstomo González, Santo Tomás shopkeeper, tells CFE economist Salvador Reséndez, he now sees advantages of move to new village





*Old Santo Tomás, scheduled to vanish this summer under rising waters of artificial lake*

Santo Tomás. Albarrán y Pliego, who always longed to get out of his office and onto the land, calls it his labor of love. He glows with pride as he points out the beauty and convenience of what is designed to be an ideal community for a population of two thousand.

"Every house has plumbing *inside*," he explains, "and running water. Every house has a big tub for laundry and for bathing. Women will not have to carry clothes to the square to wash them in the public fountain. Their life will be easier.

"You see how solid the houses are. Notice the design and the colors. They all have casement windows. We have built a complete sewage system, with a modern septic tank just outside the city. We have a fine school and a big hospital. And here"—he indicates a handsome white building facing the square—"is the White House of Nuevo Santo Tomás. It is our city hall and community center."

When you ask Albarrán y Pliego about the new church, a sturdy but graceful Mexican colonial structure, he tells you of his long discussions with Father Santana about the details of its construction.

Father Santiago Santana came to the Santo Tomás parish seven years ago to take over a small church, nearly a century and a half old, and a people who "needed reform."

"It has been seven years of battle," he says, taking credit for many improvements. "I work closely with the mayor, naturally. But we have an election every year, and a different mayor, so our mayors tend not to get anything done. I have personally led the fight against drunkenness. Now this city is so dry that my people won't even touch beer. A lot has been accomplished. Today nearly everybody here wears shoes. The men

*Village priest, Father Santiago Santana, learned that "inhumane act" would bring many benefits, then helped to persuade his parishioners*



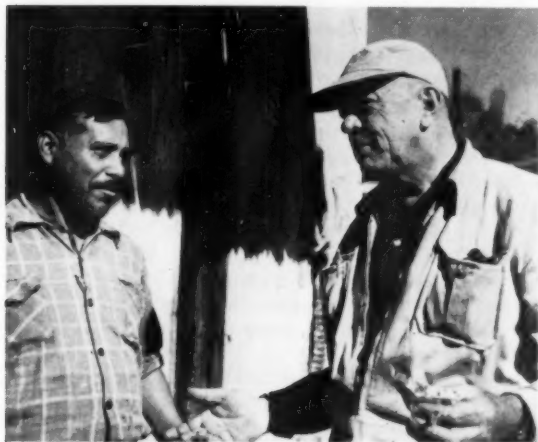
*Porfirio Ortega heads People's Committee, which represents townspeople in dealings with CFE*



*This villager is willing to take a chance, since he can sell his new house if he does not like it*



*New Santo Tomás, farther up the mountain, was planned to provide modern comforts for population of two thousand*



*Filiberto Niño Calvario—shown with Teodoro Albarrán y Pliego, who planned new town—says Commission has treated villagers fairly ...*

*... but his wife María would have liked to remain where all her people have lived and died*



have switched from *calzones* [loose white peasant pants tied at the ankle] to regular trousers with pockets. I also got the town leaders to pave some of the streets."

At first, Father Santana says, he strongly opposed the move to the new city. In spite of explanations by CFE representatives, he considered the plan an inhumane act by a powerful government agency. Then CFE officials invited him to Mexico City to show him the detailed plans to improve the life of the Santo Tomás people and, incidentally, to discuss a church for the new town. They explained that the hovels of the old village would be exchanged for new houses, room for room, house for house. Those who rented would continue to have the same landlords in the new houses, at the old rentals. Or, if they preferred, they would be assigned homesites and given help in obtaining building materials. For ten years, the people would continue to pay the same low taxes as in the old town, despite the much higher valuation of their new homes.

Under Mexican land-reform laws, land in Nuevo Santo Tomás, unlike that in the old town, could not be privately owned, but the houses are private property and may be sold by the owners. The people would be permitted to remove everything from their old city before the water came, including building materials or anything else they could dismantle.

Other orchards would be given in exchange for the lost trees. The new agricultural land would be held in communal *ejidos*, as must all farmland distributed by the government, but the trees would be personal property. They would receive 182 acres—recently they were given an additional 1,020—instead of the 74 they had then; the trees would be mature. The exchange would be on the basis of a tree for a tree, but not always of the same





*Above: Main street of old town during saint's day celebration. In background, the church. Below: New church, twice as big as old one, is surrounded by modern shopping area with paved streets*



*Above: Houses in old town. Pigs, chickens, dogs, and children wander the rutted streets. Below: New town houses will cost the people no more*



kind, because the new orchards were located at higher, drier sites better suited to other crops like avocados and coffee. They could still raise mangoes, though probably not bananas. But cultivation and irrigation would be needed. It would mean more work, perhaps lighter yields. But to balance this, the CFE was building a new road to cut the trip to market from two days to three hours. The government agricultural agencies and banks would help them, if necessary. There would be plentiful electricity for pumping irrigation water. The cheap power supply would make possible small factories—food-processing plants, for example.

Though the trees, church, and downtown section of the old city would be inundated, some houses higher up would remain intact. The cemetery would be untouched and its beauty enhanced by virtue of its location on the shores of the new artificial lake.

Father Santana felt a quickening sympathy with the new project. It would bring many blessings. During the months following, when he spoke of the fate of Santo Tomás, his pulpit rang with the CFE motto: "Electricity for the progress of Mexico!" He also told the people how their new city would benefit them. With these reassurances, they grew less uneasy about their future, though they still did not welcome the move.

Meanwhile, Father Santana had asked the CFE for a church three times the size of his old one, with a full basement, improved special quarters for himself, and various expensive appurtenances and interior decorations. The Commission was quite ready to provide a better and larger church, but its budget could not meet all these demands.

Mr. Albarrán y Pliego talked the matter over with the priest often, but got nowhere, until one day he asked, "Father, even when you pray to God, you do not expect to be granted all you ask. Tell me then, how can I, who am only a man, fulfill all your requests?" Father Santana burst out laughing, and they came to terms. The new church, though infinitely more attractive than the old, is only twice as big.

I visited Santo Tomás on December 21, its saint's day, to talk to some of the people about the move to their wonderful new city, which is scheduled for this month. In honor of the day, mounds of candy were being sold from stalls set up along the main street, mostly coconut concoctions in startling shades of green and magenta. Fruit from the Santo Tomás orchards was also for sale, and at high prices considering that we were right at the source. There were stands of dried meat, assorted cakes, and lemonade. The most attractive items offered were vegetables—enormous radishes and tender fresh salad greens, all products of this fertile valley.

Everyone I spoke to agreed that the new Santo Tomás was pretty; they were just not much interested in it. There was none of the excited anticipation one might expect. "It looks so empty; it has no trees," they said. Here where they were, they did not have much, it was true, but life was pleasant and easy. They were quite satisfied with things as they were, as they had always been. It seemed a natural response from people whose

wants had not been stimulated to include the advances of modern science and technology. A low living standard was customary and acceptable.

Angel Domínguez, who was born in the village and has spent all his life there, told me he did not wish to leave because he loved his fruit trees. "They give me a big harvest, without work. Yes, my new house is beautiful," he admitted, "but what will we eat?"

Crisóstomo González, a shopkeeper who also owns an orchard, spoke in a different vein. "At first, when I didn't know any better, I didn't want to leave either. But now I'm willing, because I'm sure it's best all around. It's good for the future of Mexico."

Filiberto Niño Calvario, a mason and secretary of the Santo Tomás People's Committee, related how the CFE had encouraged the formation of a group to represent the townsfolk in their dealings with the Commission—to settle their grievances and protect their interests. "We held an election to choose members for the committee. We met many times to consider problems and misunderstandings among the people, or complaints. The Commission people have treated us fairly. They've been ready to listen whenever we had something to say. I think we've worked it out so everyone is satisfied."

Yet his wife, María Peñaloza, wept as she recounted that all her family for generations had lived and died in the old town. "I don't know any other place, and I don't want to leave," she sighed. "We do not own a house. What will we have in the new city? A bare piece of land to build on? Where will my seven children live?"

Assured that she would continue to rent from her old landlord, and that the family would later get help with materials for building a new home, she just shook her head. "The trees will be gone. How will we earn a living? Can we trust this new thing? What good is a fancy house with not enough to eat? But I suppose we can't fight the government," she said in resignation.

Porfirio Ortega, who is chairman of the people's committee, believes that the move is being made in the interest of Mexico's future. He remarked that he and the

townspeople are more or less content with the deal they are getting, "except in the matter of indemnity for the fruit trees." He, too, owns trees that he dislikes giving up. But in exchange for the six-room house in which he is bringing up a family of nine children, he will have a modern eight-room house in the new town, though the floor space will be the same.

Some of the people brought up the fact that their new orchards will be a mile or more from town. "This will mean more walking, more carrying, more work. But we'll do it for the good of Mexico."

Others, who did not give their names, said that though the move was sad and difficult, it might work out well, after all. "If we don't like living in the new city, we can sell our houses. Then we can buy orchards elsewhere." There is already demand for the new houses from CFE employees at near-by Colorines, the central maintenance and control station of the Miguel Alemán System.

I noticed the old church steeple, high above all the other buildings in the town, and I asked Mr. Albarrán y Pliego, "When everything is under water, will this tower remain to remind the people of their loss?"

"No, nothing will remain," he replied. "A few hours in water and everything will simply disintegrate, for it is all made of adobe. The tower will melt away."

Doubtless the unhappy aspects of the move will also melt away once the people have settled in their shiny new village. Many of their fears and doubts are associated with change—change from things they know and trust to new objects and a new place they are unfamiliar with. Soon they will grow quite used to Nuevo Santo Tomás and quite dependent on its modern conveniences. They may wonder how they ever managed without them.

They will have to work harder, but there will be a better life, especially for the women. Small industry can develop. The living standard will rise. The children will profit from greater facilities for health and education.

To Santo Tomás as to all the world, progress comes with pain at its prow, but it leaves many benefits in its wake. ♦ ♦ ♦

*From new town, a road will cut time of trip to market from two days to three hours*





*Electricity and gasoline have brought little change to colonial city of Pamplona, Colombia, founded in 1548*

# What's happened to Latin America's small towns?

***A Colombian advocates a return to  
local self-government***

**FERNANDO GUILLÉN MARTÍNEZ**

THE THING that most deeply impresses nearly every present-day visitor to Ibero-America is the enormous growth of the capital cities as opposed to the debility of the small villages and towns. It seems as though all the wealth and energy of each of the nineteen countries that were once colonies of Portugal and Spain had sought shelter in the metropolis, while many provincial centers lack a public library, recreation facilities, sometimes even schools. The life of the small communities in Latin America is sad, and it feeds on the past.

It is a serious state of affairs. If we carefully examine the area's political, social, cultural, and economic problems, we find that almost all are basically due to this crisis of the small community and the absence of civic spirit. Grandiose government plans or simple machines and money are not going to correct this situation.

I once visited a small town in California and was invited by a university professor to attend a meeting of the City Council. Noting the interest the citizens showed in their community problems and the degree of self-government exercised by the Council, I thought of the contrast presented by towns of similar size in Latin America. Attempting to sum up my impressions, I told my friend: "It seems to me that the difference between your country and mine is that in the United States, if there is a need for a public library, the residents get together and organize it, while in South America the residents likewise get together—and send a telegram to the national government to ask for it."

Today it is recognized that, in general, the best way of stimulating improvement in the towns' standard of living is to interest individuals and families in participating in the management of community affairs—in things like that library problem, improving sanitary conditions, founding producers' or consumers' cooperatives, or financing a playground. The more such works are the product of local public interest, the better.

FERNANDO GUILLÉN MARTÍNEZ founded the magazine *Economía Colombiana* and is technical counsellor at Jorge Tadeo Lozano University in Bogotá. His book *La Torre y la Plaza*, an interpretation of Latin American history, will appear soon.



As Dr. Caroline F. Ware pointed out in *Organización de la Comunidad para el Bienestar Social*, published by the Pan American Union in 1954, the way in which the individual relates himself to his social environment depends on his experience in groups with which he has direct contact (like the family) and on his ability to understand those social realities that lie outside the field of his personal experience. "To a large extent," she wrote, "it depends on how the organizations and institutions [of the whole community] treat the citizen. If they are negligent and fail to give the people encouragement or opportunity to identify themselves with the community at large and to participate in a responsible way, it cannot be expected that the individual will develop an active attitude or a positive concept of his own role."

Economists and sociologists are working with all their strength to restore the vitality of the small community and revive the spirit of local self-government in Latin America. But it is seldom remembered that there is a rich tradition to draw on in contemporary social planning: that of the municipalities the first Portuguese and Spanish colonists carried to the New World, based on age-old political institutions. For this same philosophy, with variations dictated by circumstances of time and place, was what the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula believed down to the middle of the fifteenth century. Those municipalities were a vital core of the Latin American nations, and although their civilizing influence has been forgotten for a while, or even wiped out, the future of the Hemisphere may depend on their being restored and improved with the help of modern social science.

Up to the moment America was discovered, the only significant political experience the masters of the Peninsula had had was in the municipal government of the cities. When Columbus set out on his first voyage, the Spanish and Portuguese nationalities were just beginning to emerge as organized groups. And it was in 1520, as the conquest of Mexico began, that the champions of the privileges granted to the towns and cities rebelled unsuccessfully in Castile in the famous "War of the Communities," with the result that royal power put an end to the municipalities' autonomy.

Insufficient importance has been given to this coincidence of dates between the beginning of Spanish and Portuguese colonization in the Americas and the overthrow of the municipalities on the Peninsula. Nevertheless, it is so significant that by itself it can explain the innermost spirit of Latin American life.

The municipality and government by *cabildos*, or city councils, had been the wellspring of Peninsular political life from the eleventh century through the fifteenth—the period when the Iberian peoples gained vitality in the struggle against the Arabs. Historians have pointed out that the municipalities played a leading role in the repopulation of the newly conquered territories. They were responsible for distributing land among the people settled in their jurisdiction. And around the middle of the eleventh century ties began to be established between city councils that had judicial powers. Their mission was

to represent the residents of a city and defend their interests against royalty and the nobility. It is especially significant that one of the most important functions of these councils was the voting of taxes and contributions, for the delegates of the cities were one of the most vigorous elements in the "*Curias Plenas*," or *Cortes*, which the kings had to ask for taxes. Thus the city council was the earliest school of democratic life in Spain and exercised democracy in matters that directly affected the towns: the management of economic affairs and the administration of justice. Forged by the political instinct of the country, it left a permanent mark on the character and way of life of the people. Small wonder that they should have risen in arms in 1520 to defend it when its privileges were threatened by the centralist and unifying tendencies of the Empire. Several of the cities had allied themselves for armed defense as early as 1517.

The Iberian conquistadors and colonists of America were always essentially private expeditionaries, although by formula they carried the permission and representation of the king. They were common people seeking a new life in virgin lands, usually at their own expense. So it was only natural that they took their municipal idea of political government with them. From the start they were faced with the problem of organizing themselves politi-

Vasco Núñez de Balboa,  
discoverer of the Pacific  
Ocean, organized his troops  
as a municipal council,  
took authority from it



Hernán Cortés, conqueror of  
Mexico, preferred title given  
him by Vera Cruz town council  
to one conferred by the  
Governor of Cuba

cally in such a way as to make life in the colonies feasible and to bring the heterogeneous mass of Indians, Iberian whites, and later African Negroes introduced as slaves, into a single civic order.

Men like Hernán Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, and Vasco Núñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, rebelled prematurely against the power of the Crown and tried to establish their authority under the protection of municipal forms. Both, along with many emulators and colleagues in other parts of America, organized their troops into an open *cabildo* and took political and military attributes from it, in opposition to the direct representatives of the royal authority.

Famous is the scene in which Cortés, paying his respects to the *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Council, of the newly founded Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, threw on the table the title given him by the Governor of Cuba, Diego de Velásquez, and took that of "Governor of the Army of New Spain," which the municipality granted him, "because it was advantageous to the public welfare of the city and the greater service of His Majesty." At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Spaniards still refused to recognize the authority of the King except as a symbol of justice, which the people should administer for themselves, although in the name of the King. The four-hundred-year-old tradition refused to die.

When historians ask in astonishment how a handful of conquistadors and colonists managed to organize towns throughout the length and breadth of a continent within



Chilean independence day commemorates Santiago town meeting of September 18, 1810, which named junta to run country during Napoleonic intervention in Spain. Painting by Nicolás Guzmán

little more than a hundred years and to recast the heterogeneous population into a single social body, they must look for the answer in the energy of these municipal communities.

The colonization of Latin America did not grow like an oil blot, spreading progressively across a continent, as happened in the United States. Rather, it was a simultaneous emergence of municipalities and city councils, virtually isolated from each other but incredibly similar in their communal strength. Everywhere (despite the defects of the *cabildos*, many of which were taken over by the rich and the nobles) the municipalities built active and wealthy communities of skilled craftsmen, veteran officers, learned jurists, and zealous defenders of self-government. From 1500 to 1800 the municipality meant local autonomy for the common benefit, civic responsibility for the inhabitants, and continuous progress. Universities, cathedrals, markets, hand industries, public roads and bridges, schools for Indians, and new colonization of the adjacent territories—all came within its scope. The residents were directly responsible for all these things, and they managed them with surprising skill and wisdom.

But the municipality was not only a school of civic

life for the white colonists and the new mestizos; it also grouped the Indians together in a political mold that gave them an importance of their own and a vigorous capacity for resistance: the so-called *cabildos de indios*, in which the people of the conquered race governed themselves through their own elected mayors and judges. Spanish efforts to govern the Indians were almost exclusively—and vehemently—concentrated on *reducción*, that is, on making these nomadic, pastoral people live in a town, under a civil order.

A royal decree of October 19, 1549, ordered the Indians to choose some of their own number "as petty judges and aldermen, constables and clerks, and other Ministers. . . , who shall administer [justice] among them in their manner and according to their customs. . . ." This doctrine was reaffirmed in the famous *Recopilación de Indias* in 1680. "We order," it stipulated, "that in each town and reduction [i.e., settlement] there shall be one Indian mayor from the same reduction, and if it has more than eighty houses, two mayors and two judges, likewise Indian." Commenting on this "civilizing" activity—in the classic sense of creating a *civitas* (a community or body politic)—a French scholar expressed his surprise at the fact that the Indians bore the same names as the men of Castile and held, even if only nominally, the same titles.

From California to Tierra del Fuego, the colonies were governed essentially through the municipal political forms, and they concentrated their growing autonomous strength in the *cabildos* while absorbing the varied human elements into a new race, the mestizo.

Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, Argentine President and one of the leading statesmen, writers, and educators America has produced, maintained that the Cabildo of Córdoba, Argentina, was always on a plane with the English Parliament. His fellow countryman Juan Bautista Alberdi declared: "Before the declaration of the Republic, the sovereignty of the people existed in South America, in fact and in principle, in the municipal system Spain gave us. Policy and administration were separated: policy was in the hands of the government, administration was up to the individual town."

It is often said, even in Latin America itself, that the colonial period was a dark era of brutality and despotic backwardness. But the proponents of this view fail to realize that if that were the case no one could explain how peoples with no sense of sovereignty at all, without a democratic tradition, and submerged in the lethargy of slavery, could have rebelled against the mother country, with such impressive strength and simultaneity, in order to form independent nations.

The historical and sociological truth was just the opposite. What happened was that the municipal tradition of the Iberian people, passed on to the mestizo in America, created a violent consciousness of self-government that offered ever-increasing resistance to the centralist and despotic intentions of the Crown. From the beginning of the colonial period there were clashes between the elected municipal officers (mayors, judges, and aldermen) and the representatives of the Viceroy



*Colonial Cabildo of Córdoba, Argentina, ranked by Sarmiento on a plane with the English Parliament, met here*

and Peninsular authority. The Spanish and Portuguese Kings tried to suppress this democratic and rebellious municipal tradition, with mounting force, but they only succeeded in producing the tremendous explosion of

*cabildos* that lost them their Empire of the Indies at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Uruguayan writer Lincoln Machado Ribas pointed out that the assumption or reassumption of sovereignty in the independence revolution did not occur on the scale of viceroalties or provinces, but by towns and cities, each of which created a local governing *junta*. All the emancipation movements, he adds, "started from a premise that was part of the revolutionary movements of previous centuries: that the municipal body had the power to judge events and define its own attitude." In short, everywhere in Spanish America, the wars of independence were the work of the *cabildos* and municipalities.

The situation of the Portuguese colonies scarcely differed from that of their Spanish neighbors. Although the royal legislation was different, especially from the second half of the eighteenth century on, there was a popular tradition common to all the Peninsular kingdoms, and it was only natural that the various American versions of it should demonstrate the same vigor.

In many of the Latin American countries, the minutes of sessions of the colonial *cabildos* (or *senados de cámara*, as they were called in Brazil) have recently been published. One of the most interesting compilations is

*In Coipasi, Bolivia, farmers cooperating with government fundamental education project build themselves a community center*





from the archives of the Municipal Council of São Salvador de Bahia, Brazil. The editor, Osvaldo Valente, notes in the preface that "in the *Senado de Câmara* the events and problems that stirred colonial life had an immediate echo. Its administrative action was not yet restricted to the limits to which local councils were later reduced by the expansion of the central authority of the governors, characteristic of the evolution of colonial life."

So it is not surprising that the most expressive manifestations of Brazilian national life, such as the splendid baroque architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the musical folklore, and the powerful racial intermixture, are all connected in one way or another with the splendor of the provincial cities. One of them (perhaps one of the most beautiful cities in the world) is Bahia itself, whose social and political life is depicted in these valuable documents, still not sufficiently analyzed or used by contemporary sociologists, historians, and even novelists.

In a strange paradox, the political leaders of newly independent Latin America, who were profoundly influenced by the French doctrines about the State, forgot this municipal tradition in which their countries had found the strength to achieve autonomy. After 1830, the republican regimes of Latin America fell into the same administrative errors committed by the Spanish kings of the Austrian and Bourbon dynasties, from Charles V to Ferdinand VII. A Stanford University history professor, John J. Johnson, described the process in these terms: "The right to name their own representatives was given to the people when independence was won. It was a great victory for the municipalities. But it was short-lived. The Spanish Crown's pernicious policy of interfering in every level of government was, after the winning of freedom, adopted by the political groups which soon emerged. The municipalities have not been permitted to direct their attention to their own problems. National parties have consistently determined the outcome of purely municipal issues."

It can safely be said that the majority of the political, social, and cultural problems Latin America has faced during the period of national independence stem from the maintenance and spread of this error. Our sociologists

and political theorists have not drawn a sufficiently clear distinction between what properly constitutes *political* government and what is *administrative* work, to borrow Alberdi's words.

The time seems ripe to try to correct this error. As I said at the start, social and economic planners agree that the best system for solving Latin America's problems of social, cultural, and human welfare is by stimulating self-help in the small community and promoting the civic spirit of the people everywhere. We have seen how this same idea, expressed through the municipality and the *cabildo*, was capable of absorbing three races in the colonization of America, of creating nineteen nations, and of winning liberty for a population that today numbers more than 150,000,000. Then why not link the new effort for community development with that rich colonial tradition?

This could lead us to a broad new body of knowledge in the political, economic, and social fields. This re-encounter with the past—a past that has often been ignored, misinterpreted, or scorned, but that has remained alive, though latent, in the spirit and civic instinct of the people—may be the key to the future grandeur of a large part of the New World.

The Latin American city and town were founded with the idea of being "a great theater of the world," in which each man would find a way to participate actively. It is time for the curtain to rise on its second act, perhaps the most important of all, in which we will behold the dramatic rebirth of a great culture, in peace and freedom. ♦ ♦ ♦

It is interesting to note that municipalities in the majority of the American republics have organized national municipal associations. While many of these are relatively inactive because they lack sufficient funds, they do strive for improvement of city services. The cities themselves will be represented at the meeting of the Inter-American Congress of Municipalities to be held in Panama City August 14-19, which will be the sixth in a series that began with the Congress that met in Havana in 1938. Aware of the movement's importance, the OAS regularly sends an observer to these meetings.—*The Editors*

Government development plans need support of local citizenry: educational coordinator explains Papaloapan project in Mexico



# a word with

## ÑUFLO CHAVEZ ORTIZ

WHAT IS THE KEY to the "Indian problem" that still bothers many American nations? In Bolivia—the administration of President Víctor Paz Estenssoro believes—it is fundamentally the problem of the farm worker tied to the soil. How the country is facing up to it was described by Minister of Rural Affairs Ñuflo Chávez Ortiz when he met with an international group of news correspondents at the Pan American Union recently to tell about the land reform that is the main concern of his department today. Invited by the U.S. Department of State, he has been touring this country to observe developments in education, agriculture, and industry.

The Ministry of Rural Affairs, he explained, dates only from April 1952, when the *Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario* came to power. Colonial *encomiendas* and land allotments dispossessed the Indians of their land, and their plight grew no better during the republican era, when politicians continued to divide up land among their supporters.

"Before we began our program," young, vigorous Chávez Ortiz declared, "there were less than fifty thousand agricultural landowners in Bolivia. One company alone owned sixteen million acres, and the average holding was some twenty-five thousand acres. This involved not only a serious Indian problem, but a grave agricultural one too. The *hacienda* owners granted the Indians small plots of land on which to live and raise what food they could in exchange for six days' labor a week, without pay. The Indians were also called upon to work as domestic servants. This system of cost-free labor meant that the owner invested no capital, and there had been virtually no improvement of farming methods in Bolivia since the Spanish plow replaced the Inca's *chonta*. The Indian was left without ambition, living little better than an animal."

The agrarian reform program aimed at solving the Indian problem by ending this system and giving the farm worker an individual income. Agricultural property was classified in four groups. Class one is the family subsistence plot—the standard unit for new farmers—which must remain intact and is inalienable. The permissible acreage for farms of the second, or medium-size, class varies according to the production zone and the density of population. Where the population density is not too high, such properties remain intact, but if lands are needed to provide for landless farmers in the same area, their acreage may be curtailed. Class three corresponds to the *empresa agrícola* or farm business. Acreage limits are flexible, but the enterprise may not maintain the semicolonial production system. It must recognize the workers' right to wages and social benefits, and it must have an investment of twice the assessed value of the land (rural land assessments are very low in Bolivia) in equipment, livestock, and so on. The fourth class involves properties somewhere between those



of classes two and three in size. Some investment is required, although not so much as in the case of the *empresa agrícola*. But the owner must run the farm himself.

"Now, overnight," Mr. Chávez continued, "we have eight hundred thousand agricultural landowners, since the workers were declared the owners of their small home parcels. But this brings the danger of another evil—*minifundismo*, or farms too small for economical operation. To avoid this, we must enlarge the individual plots, but it is a slow process. We hope that photographic mapping will help speed it up."

What about the landowner who loses all or part of his land?

"He is paid for it, at the assessed or declared tax valuation, in bonds guaranteed by the government, redeemable in a maximum of twenty-five years."

Mr. Chávez listed some of the effects of the program, which is tied in with a fundamental-education campaign and a drive to improve farming methods, both of which receive U.S. Point Four help through cooperative bilateral agencies. "Rural school enrollment," he reported, "has jumped from 20,000 to 160,000. The Indians used to make their own clothes from their own wool and went barefoot, but today you see them wearing clothes made from material produced by Bolivian factories, and shoes. The country's imports of tractors since 1952 were three times the total number imported in all previous history. Cooperatives, incidentally, are organized to take advantage of them where farms are too small for the individual to own one."

And how has farm production responded? "In the Santa Cruz area in the eastern lowlands, where colonists are opening new lands, rice harvests have risen from eight hundred thousand to fifteen million pounds. A sugar mill with an annual capacity of thirty million tons has been built, and another of the same size is planned to process the area's new sugar-cane crop."

The reporters' last question was on how the new colonists were surviving the abrupt change in climate from the cold highlands to the tropical plains. "The problem of adaptation proved to be not really one of climate," came the answer, "but of public health. Once malaria is eliminated, the farmer has little trouble."—G.C.C.

# the Krahós' white chief



*Named pai, or village chief, of the Krahó Indians, the author, covered with feathers set in liquid rubber, is carried triumphantly around the settlement*

## A VISIT TO A BRAZILIAN TRIBE ON THE TOCANTINS RIVER

**HARALD SCHULTZ**

"THE KRAHÓS inhabit the right bank of the Tocantins River." This is the customary formula for starting off all "serious" and orthodox articles written about this and other Brazilian tribes.

Some of us, however, wanted to find out more about the Krahós, and gladly accepted the Indian Protection Service's invitation to join its 1947 expedition. Fifty-five staff members took part—including the then director of the service, José Malcher—in addition to journalists, radio men, photographers, motion-picture cameramen, scientists, a doctor, a nurse, engineers, and some who were just curious. I went along for the ride, with my distinguished chief, Professor Herbert Baldus, who is the "father" of Brazilian ethnology and was my professor at the School of Sociology and Political Science in São

*HARALD SCHULTZ, assistant professor of ethnology at the Paulista Museum in São Paulo, received his early education in Germany. He and his wife have made many expeditions to Indian territory. Mr. Schultz founded the Expeditions and Documents Section of the Brazilian Indian Museum.*

Paulo. In those days we used to call him "Cunhambebe," after the notorious Tupinambá Indian chief who had gone down in Brazilian history as "the greatest man-eater of all times."

The Indian Protection Service was set up by the Brazilian Government in the early part of this century and soon came under the guidance of Cândido Mariano da Silva Rondon, an army officer—at present a marshal—considered by Brazilians as the Indians' best friend. Some administrations have given the Service more assistance than others, but despite its ups and downs it has established 110 reservations manned by heroic young agents.

On the reservations (or posts) the Indians receive economic and social aid; capable teachers run schools where the children learn about the white man's way of life; and the Service defends the Indians' territorial rights, assuring them, whenever possible, legal title to their lands.

Our party set out toward the banks of the Araguaia, a legendary and wonderful river that cuts through the



jungle in the heart of Brazil and links that part of the country with the Amazon. (The poor river has lately become more and more of a mecca for tourists from all over the world.) When we arrived, we were told that the boat chartered to take us downriver had not arrived, nor was there any news of it. And I won't go into what happens to a large and heterogeneous group like ours when it is marooned in a small town without any of the modern comforts. I decided to go on, boat or no boat, and I easily persuaded both Professor Baldus and Dr. Malcher to join me in a canoe and start out ahead of the others. We could at least pick up some samples of Indian crafts.

Finding a good canoe was not easy, but we had no difficulty in obtaining the few supplies we would need: rice, salt, sugar, coffee, manioc flour, a little lard, a rifle, fish hooks, blankets, and good humor. I nearly forgot to mention matches, without which we could not cook.

We were joined by three Xerente Indians from the Tocantins River region, who happened to be in the little Araguaia town and wanted to go home, and a Javahé Indian whose familiarity with the Araguaia's tricks was welcome. We had no desire to kill ourselves rowing, so we just let ourselves drift downstream, watching the breathtaking scenery of blue sky and lovely clouds, thick woods and open fields. We listened to the water birds' screeching and watched the porpoises play. Here and there we saw a little house or cluster of houses on the shore. We drifted on for days, fishing for our meals and digging a soft bed in the warm sand of the long white beaches.

On the eleventh day out, the rest of the party caught up with us and put an end to our idyl. As I had foreseen, tension was rife; but it did not hinder our work.

From Bananal Island, the center of the Karajá Indians'

*The Krahós' favorite sport, relay races in which they carry logs weighing two hundred pounds, develops strength for survival*



domain, the group went on to the Rio das Mortes (River of Deaths) to try and locate the fearsome Xavantes, who were then being pacified. I chose to continue on down the Araguaia to the Tocantins, where I hoped to look up the Krahós and get better acquainted with them. This time we made it non-stop in a canoe fitted with an out-board motor. My companion lived near a Karajá reservation and wanted to find himself a bride from a family he knew near the Tocantins. When we arrived at Santa Maria do Araguaia, we found donkeys and a guide for the difficult overland crossing from the Araguaia to the Tocantins. Six days later, after walking through thick underbrush and climbing the Serra do Estrondo (Thunderclap Ridge), we reached the left bank of the Tocantins. The poor donkeys were so small my feet dragged along the ground as we rode. But they were brave animals; without flinching they tackled a steep hill offering only



*Krahó men take advantage of the dry season to complete a new roof before the torrential rains of winter come*

gravel, loose sand, and big boulders for a footing. I knew that if my donkey couldn't make it we would both be hurled into space.

Three more days of riding along the right bank of the Tocantins and we were in Krahó country. Surprisingly, their village was empty except for an old woman with many chins, her daughter, her son-in-law, and her two sick grandchildren. The others were all away on their summer hunt. The old lady was washing a gourd in the clear water, and as we approached she asked: "Does the gentleman bring many pretty things for us, or is he tightfisted?"

We were invited to their house and asked to cure the sick babies. Every time I'm in the jungle, somebody mistakes me for a doctor, and more often than not I have no choice but to try and bring them relief. Fortunately, this time I succeeded. The next day, when I went back, the good old woman looked at me affectionately and offered to cut my hair Krahó style, which meant pruning it to expose the scalp along two parallel lines from forehead to neck. I agreed. She painted my face

red and declared that from then on I was her grandson and that my name was Vuvú. She was serious, too. When the men came back from hunting, I was introduced to them all as Vuvú and soon my new relatives were calling me *Ketú* ("little uncle") or *Itúa* ("my nephew"), and I, in turn, had to call her *Tuí* ("granny"). Happy people these, glad to be alive, though none of the problems brought by their recent contact with civilization had been solved.

In the evening we would sit outside in the round clearing in the center of the village and talk things over. One broad avenue circled around the village, and from each house a perfectly straight and well-kept path led to the central plaza, which measured roughly 660 feet in diameter. Each day started with the young women standing facing the sun and singing, and ended the same way, after long hours of hard work interspersed with fun, sports, dances, and more songs.

Many years before they had been great hunters, but more recently they were forced to turn to agriculture. The old women told us that in days gone by you could see the tracks of tapirs, pigs, wild deer, and anteaters, and the hunters would bring back so much meat they had to drag it. The women would make *berarubus*, enormous meat pies that can measure up to thirteen feet square on special occasions. Here is how they do it: They make a dough of manioc flour, spread it on a layer of banana leaves on the ground, and top it with the meat. Then they fold the leaves around the food, tie it with



Typical scene in one of the Krahó's three remaining villages. Their peaked houses are covered with palm thatch

strips of bark, and place the package on red-hot rocks. They cover the whole thing with palm leaves and earth, and let it roast overnight. The next day the Krahó's national dish is ready, and everyone gets an equal share, even widows and orphans, the sick, and others who did not help. Share-and-share-alike is the Krahó's rule, but this does not mean that they are promiscuous morally or in their treatment of material things. On the contrary, they adhere to the principles of individual property and



João Creoulo is the champion hunter—and Don Juan—of the village. But inroads of civilization have made deer like this a rarity

the family unit—a fundamental trait in Indians.

But such fat days did not last. The Indians had the best pastures and the most fertile fields, a condition that civilized men, always eager for economic progress, obviously could not tolerate. After all, economic progress is sacred, the sky is the limit, and if you happen to disagree, worse luck to you. Their lands were invaded by whites who owned horses, dogs, and firearms. They would bring in their own herds and kill off the horses the Indians used for hunting. These lands had belonged to the Indians for thousands of years. Nevertheless the new "owners" thought it their right to expel, even to kill, people who had no place in their economic mechanism, although these people owed nothing whatever to civilization.

Hunger became acute. The Indians would go hunting as before, but they came back empty-handed; they would go farther out, with the same results. For days on end all they had to eat was a little boiled manioc, with no salt, no fat, not even a little meat to flavor it. One day the men might manage to bag a wild deer, but the hunters had to distribute the meat equally among all the villagers; they themselves would get nothing, for if a hunter eats of the animal he has killed, his weapon will never again hit the mark. Then after more days and days with nothing but manioc roots, a sweet potato, a little rice, the Indians would become sad and cease to sing at night; in the morning, however, they would feel good again and sing a welcome to the new day before the sun

rose on the horizon. Hope was born anew, and they had faith in destiny once more.

In the evening discussions we decided their best way out would be to substitute cattle-raising for hunting; they could kill a cow, share the meat as usual, then enjoy their traditional log races. No change in ritual at all. They were delighted.

These meetings had their comic side: the men wore no clothes at all, yet they spoke Portuguese like any of the white farmers living near by. Seated around on the sand in the plaza the village chief and the "council of elders" looked for all the world like a bunch of city nudists holding a convention. Whenever a commercial airliner flew over, they insisted on knowing which company it belonged to and whether the war was over or the Germans were still going around killing all the world's citizens, including the Krahó Indians. That bit of intelligence they had picked up in a remote town they had once visited.

Days, weeks, finally three months went by, and we were still there among these sincere, friendly Indians. Summer's heat and drought were over, and the first dark clouds of the rainy season gathered on the horizon. This is the time for the Krahós to start their initiation rites, and they make merry for days on end, for the new crops have been planted and they must wait for the rains before they can cultivate them.

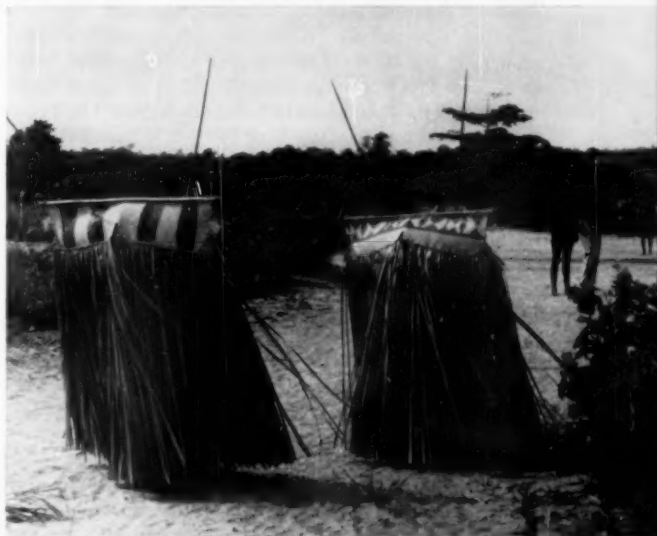
On a beautiful evening toward the end of summer, we were bathing as usual in the crystal-clear river after the

asked. "As soon as the children's ceremony is over," he said.

I thought at first that he was joking, but when I returned to the "governor's" house he told me: "The council of elders has unanimously decided that you shall be the village *paí*."

The next day the initiation rites were over, and in the afternoon a group of men approached me and explained that they needed powder for their guns. "What for?" I said. "For the *paí* celebration," was all they said.

I gave them what they wanted, and they left. In the small hours of the morning, while I still slept soundly



*In summer ritual called Kukrit, masked dancers circle the village, begging food by whistling*

—I like my forty winks, and could never keep up with the Indians—someone shook my hammock: "Vuvú, wake up! The time has come!" I fell from the hammock, and realized that the whole village had gathered in front of the chief's house. They led me in silence to the river and told me to wade right in. The water was cold. Four young fellows bathed me ritually, sprinkling my body and head; then they told me to wait in the water while they all bathed.

One approached and told me to get on his back. I weigh at least 190 pounds, but he lifted me with no effort, for he was used to carrying fifty- to two-hundred-pound logs while running a race. With me on his shoulders, he walked up the steep ravine and went on to the village plaza, some three hundred yards away. All the others trotted along. In the plaza they put me down on a straw mat, and four men bent over me, two holding in their hands long cylinders of rolled-up palm leaves filled with liquid latex. This they proceeded to rub over most of my body. The other two fellows dug into some folded leaves and came out with bird feathers, which they stuck to my body. Next, they coated me with another layer of liquid rubber. It took ten minutes or more in all, but it was so startling that I had no chance to get my bearings.



*The young boys' ear lobes are pierced and larger and larger wooden discs inserted. The girls think this makes them very handsome*



*At right, an adult dons his discs*

log race, a daily event enjoyed by the men, young and old alike.

"Vuvú! You shall be our *paí*!" one of them said to me.

I paid no attention, but a while later another repeated, "You shall be our *paí*!" Since I wasn't sure of what "being a *paí*" meant, I asked him.

"*Paí* is our big chief. He must separate two who are fighting. He must see that no one fights in the village. We choose our *paí* from another village, because then he can separate fighters much better."

I began to understand. "But when will that be?" I



Once that was over, four women came along with gourds and while three of them started to dye my hands, forearms, face, and neck a bright red, the other spread coconut oil over my head.

Meanwhile, everybody had gathered around the plaza, holding their weapons—the more prosperous had “guns you feed by the mouth,” more useful today than bows and arrows—and watching silently.

“Now you’re ready,” they announced. “Wait a minute.” One of the husky Indians bent down and bade me climb on his shoulders. He lifted me easily and walked down to the wide, clean avenue that circles the village. The whole population followed, shouting gleefully, the men shooting into the air. When one carrier tired, another crouched, and together they moved me to a third man’s shoulders. The triumphant march picked up again where it had left off, with shouts and shots as before. I had been told to raise my arms up high but I felt less than safe, for one of my arms still bothered me as a result of injuries suffered at the hands of another tribe in northern Mato Grosso State years earlier. But these boys were thoughtful and helped me keep my balance. All around the village we went—more than half a mile. Meanwhile a kind of relay race was taking place, with me for the baton. My carriers walked steadily and fast, but suddenly I was aware of a new softness, gentler steps. I looked down and saw full breasts below me. Somewhat disconcerted, I realized one of the women was carrying me now, a marked sign that they liked the new village chief.

She got an even better hand than the men. She started to run ahead of the others. Then she would stop, turn around suddenly, and stroll among the people, who applauded frantically. Another girl took over, and this kept up for a while until the men were again entrusted with the honor of carrying me. Once more in the plaza, they gingerly placed me for the second time on the straw mat.

Then a socially and politically significant event happened for which I was unprepared. The chief of rituals approached and began to speak in this vein: “Vuvú! We have made you our *paí* because we like you. You have lived with us in this village for many moons, followed us on our hunts, joined our daily log races, danced and sung with us at night in the plaza. You have shared our joys and our sorrows. Now you know we are peaceful people who earn our living from the land and by difficult hunting. But not everyone knows we are peaceful Indians who do not want war. Years ago they accused us of stealing cattle; they attacked our villages while our men were away; and they killed our women, young girls, and children. And we ask you: did you see any signs that we are cattle thieves? You know we are good, hard-working people, and we know you are our friend. Tomorrow you will return to your people, and we have a request to make. Do not forget you are our *paí*, we have made you our *paí* because we want you to defend us when you are with your people who attacked us years ago. If you hear of a plan to attack our villages again, you must try to prevent it.

“Now you may try your power here in the village to

prove that you are indeed our *paí*, and every time you return, you will be respected as a *paí*.”

They were all standing quite still, some with their faces and bodies colorfully painted. I answered the moving speech as best I could and promised I would never forget them. But then, how could I ever forget this weird, touching tribute from people we dare call “primitive”?

After the ceremonies, some disappeared, and I thought that was the end of it. I wanted to wash, for all that liquid rubber and feathers had dried and my skin felt itchy. But the order was to wait. A minute later some Indians came bearing many gifts, which they placed at my feet. They were all things they had made with their own hands—bows and arrows, clubs, mats, and lovely feather ornaments and cloth ribbons. Finally a woman brought two beautiful tame parrots. Gifts of welcome for the new Krahó chief!

The ritual was over, and I went bathing with the others. I had thought the feathers would fall off, but they stuck to my body, matted and ugly. The rubber held them fast, and when I tried plucking them off, I had to give up. It was too painful. I had to sleep as I was, and dreamed that I was a plumed bird. It was ten days before I got rid of all the feathers, and even so, it took help.

The next day I had to return to civilization. About fifty Indian men and women followed me for miles to the Protection Service’s cattle farm, where I was allowed to present the Krahós with a hefty bull. Back to the village they went, each carrying a fresh cut of beef.

I shall never forget the Krahós. I consider them my friends, just as I do all the Indians in America. My only regret is that I have neither the wealth nor the political power to help them. Their chief problem is hunger, the result of the white man’s killing off their game. They need a good herd of cattle, belonging to and controlled by the tribe. It is not true that Indians are unable to look after their possessions. The few Krahós I saw who owned some cattle refused to kill them even when hunger was at its worst. They rightly thought they should be kept alive for breeding and to provide milk for the children. A pitiful gesture, considering that there were only two or three head. A shortage of game has already forced them to turn to agriculture, and they eat virtually nothing but vegetables and fruit. However, they are natural hunters and semi-nomadic, and cattle-raising under their own management would logically be the next step. Of course, this does not mean that the Protection Service isn’t doing all it can for the Indians.

Surely there must be owners of large herds who would gladly give some cattle to the Krahós and thus rescue this humble, kind, and interesting people from disaster. Why do I single out the Krahós? Simply because I have an obligation to them and I must do my best to answer their appeal.

It is unbelievable that the original owners of this Hemisphere will find no friends to give them back what is rightfully theirs. If not large tracts of land and the freedom they once enjoyed, then at least a livelihood, a place in the sun. ♦ ♦ ♦

# no axe to grind

**The story of  
short-wave  
radio station**

# KGEI

**AUBREY B. HAINES**

TODAY SUCH DIVERSE people as an alligator hunter in Mexico, a Peruvian civil engineer, and an Amazon River missionary are learning about each other through short-wave radio station KGEI at San Francisco, California. Privately owned and operated by the General Electric Company as an educational project, KGEI is employed solely to beam daily good-will programs in Spanish and Portuguese to Latin America. In a way, it has replaced the Voice of America, which suspended broadcasts to that part of the world in 1953.

Short-wave radio means almost as much to Latin America as television does to the United States; about five million short-wave receivers are in use south of the

AUBREY B. HAINES gave up selling walnuts in southern California to become a writer. His articles have since appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Nation*, and other publications.



Rio Grande. "We estimate that between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand people hear KGEI each day," says H. M. Scholes, the station manager. "Without doubt, many more listen occasionally." KGEI (and WRUL in Boston, the only other U.S. short-wave station with Spanish-Portuguese programs) competes internationally with Canadian and European transmitters, including Radio Moscow and other stations behind the Iron Curtain; but the programs from California are "quiet places in the midst of the clamor of political hate," according to an Argentine engineering student who tunes in regularly.

"I listen to KGEI every chance I get," declared Dom Cândido Penso, the Bishop of Goiás, Brazil, on a visit to the United States in 1954. "It is so different from the other stations—good music and no political propaganda." As a matter of fact, KGEI does not even transmit news bulletins or commercials. Informative talks and interviews with authorities in many fields make up the bulk of the nonmusical portions of each day's broadcast.

"I am an American," wrote a listener in Maturín, Venezuela, "and have too often seen the result of misunderstanding between peoples. Yours is the most effective assault I have seen [made] on existing barriers." A Brazilian from Campinas added, "It is fine that there is a station in the United States broadcasting in Portuguese to Brazil, since this will create a closer bond between [our] countries at a time when our liberties are threatened by the Red menace."

Among the personalities heard over KGEI is Professor Ronald Hilton, director of Hispanic American Studies at Stanford University in near-by Palo Alto. One of the several programs in which he participates is "Latin American Forum." On it he interviews one or more prominent Latin American guests. Through the observations of diplomats, artists, authors, and educators, the professor presents a vivid picture of U.S. life for his international audience. On trips south of the border, Professor Hilton tape-records interviews with leading dignitaries, as he did with those attending the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas in 1954. Beamed back to the countries of origin by KGEI, the talks receive favorable comment from the local press.

Professor Hilton also officiates on "The Listener Speaks," a program on which he reads excerpts from the seven hundred-odd listeners' letters received each month and adds his own comments based on his extensive travels. Enthusiastic correspondence pours in from the most remote reaches of the Hemisphere, but principally from large cities and towns, where one might think that local stations would command a large following. (As a result, KGEI officials have concluded that they provide a listening pleasure unavailable elsewhere.) Judging from the response, typical listeners include a large proportion of educators, religious leaders, doctors, lawyers, scientists,

Katarina Real, who conducts a weekly musical program over KGEI, looks over some of the hundreds of letters received by the station each month from listeners all over the Hemisphere

statesmen, engineers, businessmen, and students. "The writers are pretty well distributed in proportion to population among all the Latin American countries," Scholes says. "Over half the letters are typewritten and some run as long as ten pages."

Professor Hilton asks his audience to include information about their countries, cities, and way of life. People enclose photographs, maps, poetry, newspapers, magazines, banners, loose stamps, and the like. As acknowledgement, KGEI sends its correspondents an attractive verification certificate, printed in both Spanish and Portuguese, that attests to their membership in the *Sociedad de Amigos de KGEI* (Society of Friends of KGEI).

Some letters have interesting stories behind them. A Chilean youth who had been involved in a traffic accident



Each Thursday Brazilian-born Father Edgar de Aquino Rocha interprets U.S. life in Portuguese for his listeners back home

in El Salvador had been jailed. Awaiting trial, he apparently had access to a short-wave receiver and tuned in KGEI. Professor Hilton read his letter over "The Listener Speaks." It was heard by a Salvadorean physician, who took an interest in the young man's plight and interceded for him. He later wrote to say that the boy would soon be on his way home.

After listening to a program of authentic Hawaiian music, a Brazilian listener wrote that he had become fond of Hawaiian names and wished to give one to his expected child. He asked for a list with meanings suitable for both boys and girls. With the aid of the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau, KGEI complied, and the fan wrote back that the child was a girl and had been named Leilani.

An additional source of excellent material for Professor Hilton's program was a series of letters from a Costa Rican couple who sailed a twenty-eight-foot boat from Portugal to Costa Rica accompanied only by their five-month-old baby and a seventeen-year-old girl. Another nautical fan is an alligator hunter who listens to KGEI aboard his boat in Mexican waters. His activities are reported in letters that the professor relays over the air.

On Thursdays, Father Edgar de Aquino Rocha, a Brazilian priest and sociologist who also works as a radio commentator, foreign correspondent, and analyst of U.S. economic and social affairs, discusses in Portuguese various aspects of U.S. life, responding to questions from Professor Hilton. Father Rocha, who calls Bagé, in the



On "Latin American Forum," Professor Ronald Hilton of Stanford University interviews noted Brazilian novelist Erico Verissimo

state of Rio Grande do Sul, home, left his native country in 1948 to come to the United States, where he became interested in the Portuguese immigrants and their adjustment to a strange land. Now, as pastor of Mary Help of Christians Church in Oakland, across the Bay from San Francisco, where there are many Portuguese, he has been able to work with them. Widely traveled throughout the United States and Canada, he has reported his findings in articles in Brazilian newspapers and magazines. He believes that his "countrymen need to understand much better the culture of North America and the conditions that exist here. There is much misunderstanding about the United States in Brazil that gives rise to an undercurrent of bitterness and occasional public denunciation."

Other KGEI stars include Katarina Real (Mrs. R. B. Cate), who presents a weekly program of U.S. and Latin American music. The daughter of a U.S. admiral, she lived several years in Brazil as a child during her father's tour of duty there. Later she went back for two years as a U.S. Department of State employee after graduating from Stanford in Hispanic American Studies. The executive secretary of that Stanford department, H. Leslie Robinson, a specialist on the River Plate countries, is one of the station's announcers. Completing the list is the widow of the noted Hispanic scholar Rudolph Schevill, Dr. Isabel Magaña Schevill, who reads Spanish American stories over the air on Sundays.

About half of KGEI's broadcast time is taken up with music, all on tape recordings or long-playing records from the station's continually expanding library. Symphonies and operas are included among the classical selections; a lighter touch is provided by semi-classical and established popular pieces ranging from Strauss waltzes to musical comedy songs, with folk music occasionally thrown in. Current hit tunes, however, are left out of the programs. Mr. Scholes says, "We present some Latin American selections, but we feel our listeners can hear these over nearly all of their local stations. So we try to present music less often heard in Latin America. We find that classical is favored by our listeners. . . . We once received a letter from an isolated religious mission on the upper Amazon. The writer stated that each eve-



ning, after the day's work was finished, everyone gathered to listen to the 'beautiful music programs from KGEI.' He wrote that 'even our twelve horses come up to the house from the meadow to listen, something they do only for good music.'"

Station history records that KGEI first went on the air for General Electric in 1939, from the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. When the fair closed, the installation was moved to its present location at San Carlos, south of San Francisco on the peninsula. In 1942 the U.S. Government took over the direction of programs as a wartime measure. Broadcasts by the Office of War Information, the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and the Voice of America followed until July 1, 1953, when the arrangement was con-

cluded and General Electric resumed sponsorship. A skeleton crew of four full-time employees and six part-time workers now runs the station on a tight budget.

With its beam antenna stepping up the transmitter's 50-kilowatt output to the equivalent of 650 kilowatts in signal strength, KGEI can easily be picked up on any good short-wave set, even in the United States. There, reception is best in the Southwest, because of the directional transmission and other technical factors. The station operates from three to seven P.M. Pacific Standard Time daily from March 1 to October 1 on a frequency of 15,290 kilocycles in the nineteen meter band. For the rest of the year, the same frequency is used for the first half of the broadcast, and the rest is heard on 9,550 kilocycles in the thirty-one meter band. Tune in sometime. ♦ ♦ ♦

# Father and Son

A short story by **MAXIMO FRESERO**

Illustrations by **JOSE I. BERMUDEZ**

CUT IN THE STEEP BANK of the river was a cove sheltered from the wind, where branches and other bits and pieces swept in by the tide had been left stranded; amid this rubbish a boat with a covered bow was tied up.

The tracks of wading birds came up from the water line, losing themselves in the pools left by the falling tide. As the water went down, fish were trapped there and turned into easy meals for the birds. But the river stayed quite high. From one point you could see the other shore and calculate how very wide it was.

There was a flapping of wings, and the birds gossiping on the mud beside the pools fled precipitately. Along the top of the bank appeared a man carrying a pair of oars; a few steps behind him was a child with a little basket. They came forward to the boat. The man dropped the oars inside and busied himself untying the moorings and

slinging out on the bow cover a rusty anchor attached by a long chain. Before starting whatever he had come there to do, he stood for a moment watching the turbid waters of the river. The child at his side said not a word; he looked at his father, and his look was an eager question. The man remained silent and walked a little way back and forth, stopping every moment or so. Then he made up his mind and pushed the boat into the water. Soon it was afloat and the two got in. The man fitted the oars into the locks, and they moved under the pressure of his strong arms.

With each action of his, the oars sank into the murky water, raising brilliant chains that broke apart in the air. At frequent intervals he let the boat drift. He was preparing a fishing line.

Floating with the current, the father and son watched the muddy water constantly dashing past as if demented. Then the man returned to a vigorous pushing of the oars and the boat cut across the current, making for the deep water in the middle, where the largest fish were, the elusive *dorados* and the sluggish *surubies*.

The bank was far away now, and the river stretched

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*Argentine MAXIMO FRESERO, the author of several books of short stories and poetry, has also worked in advertising, the movies, and the theater. The illustrations are by the Cuban artist JOSÉ I. BERMÚDEZ of the PAU Visual Arts Section.*

out like a great trembling, lead-colored blanket, vanishing in the distance behind a projection of the shore line.

"Papa, the fish are out."

With growing eagerness Juan watched the water racing terrified along the flanks of the boat. Clutching the plank seat with both hands, he sat and beat his bare feet against the wood flooring. The solemn joy of his early age haloed him.

The father watched him for a while, a long while; silently, with serene pride, he had been watching him almost continuously as he rowed, ever since he had sat

down opposite. Then he smiled. The child smiled back at his father, returning his gruff tenderness, filled with happiness.

"You'll get tired of looking at them."

In the distance tremendous white wings could be seen, the sails of boats drawing away in a favorable wind.

"Papa, there's the harbor."

Silence.

"Papa, there's a tug."

Silence.

"It's Iturbe's tug; Iturbe is steering."



Silence.

"Papa, is it Iturbe's tug?"

"Don't talk so much, you're getting on my nerves. Yes, it's a tug, but it's too far away to see whether it's Iturbe's." *After all, he's six years old.* Underneath, despite the tenderness of a father, the man's thoughts judged his son accurately.

The blades of the oars dipped into the water with an almost human motion imposed by the man's skillful hands; as his body swung, there was a rhythmic grating sound in the dry oarlocks from the friction.

With his young eyes, restless and keen, Juan followed his father's movements; then he got an idea of the power of his rowing and laughed with gladness. An irrepressible feeling of admiration made him laugh. He watched the shore, the water, his father, then his eyes returned to the shore.

"Papa, there's the harbor. I can tell by the white tower of the town hall."

He pointed to the black bulk of the wharf with its wooden feet, which looked like a horse standing in the water. It was the only large thing along the shore.

"Take a good look; that's no tower. It's the winch for loading the boats." *He doesn't realize how I feel, but he's my son and he's six years old.*

The child stood up on the seat and screened his eyes with his hands in order to see better.

"Juan! Careful! You mustn't stand up; keep your seat," came the father's voice energetically. *I'm looking at him; I know he's my son.*

He sat down again and looked at the water for a moment, then at his father, and finally back at the distant shore.

The eddy current began to rock the boat. But the man was adept with the oars and handled the boat with vigorous skill.

"Papa, when are you going to start catching fish?"

"You must be quiet and watch, or next time I won't bring you." *I'd like to bring him with me all the time, because he's six years old and he's my son.*

Penitence sprang up in the boy's eyes, and he was struck with the feeling that his adventure was spoiled.

The man stopped rowing for a moment; in the current, the oars folded back against the boat like wings. This was known as the deepest part of the river. He turned his head from side to side, then he tightened the straps of the oarlocks to secure the oars. Quickly he began to unwind a reel of thick cord with hooks wired to the end. He attached the bait, and first the sinker, then the hooks and cord, were swallowed by the water, to the great glee of the boy, who watched with avid eyes.

The man fastened the line to the ring on the bow and took up the oars again, stopping when the boat had gone a good way. He sat with his eyes fixed on the line where it emerged from the water. After a while it tensed, and the man's eyes glistened. He got ready for the pull, which was not long in coming.

At that instant, because of the man's abrupt movement and the continuous eddies, the boat swerved and came broadside to the current. It all happened at once: the



boat tilted, so suddenly there was no time to do anything, and the father and son fell into the water.

The man came to the surface at once, realizing just what had happened. He studied the swirling water. Hampered by the current, he kept his head as far out of the water as possible. The boat had stayed where it was, for in the near-upset the anchor had also fallen in. The man took a deep breath and dived under; in a few seconds he was back, carrying his son's body. He had to swim strongly to reach the gunwale, and finally managed to climb it. He stretched the unfortunate child out on the flooring and diligently applied artificial respiration, in silence and in a terrible calm. Water came out of the boy's mouth, but he gave no signs of life. After a while, the man lost faith in this operation; exhausted, he sat down to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

For more than a whole long hour he tried to bring him to, using every means he knew, without result. At last he gave up. *He was my son; I can't cry, the tears won't come.*

He pulled in the line, which was taut; he had caught a *surubi*, a big one. *How he would have liked to see it!* Then he raised the anchor and gripped the oars with calm gravity, turning his back on the reclining body of his son.

He heard onomatopoeic rhythms. The energetic "brac-brac" of the oars answered the "gla-gla" of water against the wood of the boat. It was getting dark; in the distance he could see the first lights of the village on the shore. He was a good while pulling at the oars. The moving lantern told him that his wife was waiting for him on the beach. The muffled sound of the water lapping against the boat wrapped him in a dreadful state of mind.

It was dark by the time he neared the shore. His wife held the lantern on high to make it easier for him to land the boat. He watched her, not daring to speak of the tragedy she knew nothing about. She looked more alone than he had ever seen her, standing there with the lantern in her hand. But a smile appeared on her face. In impulsive response, he looked behind him, and could not believe his eyes: his son was sitting up on the seat, moving his bare feet.

The man said nothing, but his eyes dimmed and a lump in his throat made it hard for him to swallow. *The tears are coming now.*

The child sat silent on his seat, his gaze fixed in fascination on the water, until the mother said:

"Let's go, son." ♦ ♦ ♦



# 4-S means 4-H

## YOUNG FARMERS SHOW THE WAY IN COSTA RICA

RUTH BROWNLOW BLANDFORD

SOME TIME AGO, the President of Costa Rica accepted a luncheon invitation made by a group of teen-age boys in the little rural community of La Rivera. At lunch they talked about the work of the group—one of the country's most active 4-S Clubs. Impressed by what he heard, the President asked the boys what they wanted most, and they unhesitatingly told him: a new school. "Well," said the President, a bit taken aback, "what can you as a community contribute? Let me know."

Three weeks later they sent him word: "We have the land. Will you build the school?" They had gone through the community. This man and that had given them money; they themselves had earned some by various projects; another neighbor had set a low price on a suitable piece of land, which they had bought. Today they have their school, beautiful, up-to-date, the pride of the whole area.

In another town, a farmer went to the agricultural

RUTH BROWNLOW BLANDFORD met the boys and girls of 4-S during a visit to Costa Rica with her husband, a public administration expert who was on a mission to Latin America for the OAS.

bank to ask for a loan with which to finance his next year's crop. The banker was sympathetic but adamant: the man was a poor risk. Then, as he was leaving, the banker suddenly called him back. "Your boy is one of those 4-S Club members, isn't he? Send him in; I'll give him the loan."

In Palmares, fifty miles northwest of San José on the Pan American Highway, the area 4-S Clubs listened attentively while the county agent told them that he thought tomatoes would do well on land that had never grown much of anything. As 4-S boys and girls will, they followed the directions carefully, planted their tomatoes, cared for them, harvested them, built crates for them, packed them, and sold them. To everyone's astonishment, when the season was over the clubs had made nine hundred dollars. This was too good a thing to limit to adolescents. Their parents and all the farmers round about formed a club of their own and grew their own tomatoes. Now tomatoes are one of their best cash crops.

The 4-S Clubs are the Costa Rican equivalent of the United States' 4-H—or of similar organizations in Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Haiti,

*Heredia family works on vegetable plot. Home gardens were popularized by 4-S*



Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, and Paraguay. In each case, the idea of a local version of the highly successful U.S. farm youth program started with the agricultural technical assistance agency operated jointly by the United States and the country in question, but was wholeheartedly adopted by the adults and children who would be affected by it. All told, there are 516 such clubs with 10,950 members. By far the largest concentration,



*José Vázquez, voted year's most outstanding Palmares club member, demonstrates construction of hillside ditch for soil conservation*

206 clubs with 3,300 members, is in Costa Rica (quite a feat, considering that the country's total population is only 850,000), followed by Peru and Panama. Ecuador had nearly four hundred members at the end of only one year. The clubs are usually called 4-F or 4-C or something similar, depending on how the four ideals expressed in the U.S. name are translated. In Costa Rica, "Health" became *Salud*; "Head," *Saber* (literally, "knowledge"); "Heart," *Sentimiento*; and "Hand," *Servicio*.

Organized in August 1949, 4-S is sponsored by the Agricultural Extension Service of the Costa Rican Ministry of Agriculture and Industry. It was instigated by the Servicio Técnico Interamericano de Cooperación Agrícola, the bilateral authority, which has come to be known simply as STICA. As with such programs everywhere, Costa Rica has assumed an ever-increasing share of the cost of STICA, and has provided more and more technicians as nationals have acquired the training, until now most of the money and practically all the personnel are Costa Rican. Thus, when the technical assistance agreement eventually expires, the government will be able to take over all the agricultural extension work, including 4-S. The friendship between the two countries will insure a continuing exchange of ideas and techniques.

The 4-S program was started slowly in a few chosen

areas where conditions were rather poor and where agriculture was carried on in the traditional way. On some farms oxen are still used and the steel plow is a rarity.

STICA officials knew that the older generation might resist new methods, but they thought young people would reach out eagerly for new ideas. Progress was slow at first, for in communities where there had never been any sort of club before, boys and girls were shy about joining. The parents, even when not enthusiastic, raised few objections, for since the rural schools are only three-year, or at most six-year, affairs, young people have plenty of time to carry out their own projects without shirking home duties. One by one, here and there, they began to respond to the STICA agents' stories of how they could improve their lot by their own efforts. For boys who had never seen any future except working as their fathers did as day laborers on a coffee finca or as owners of a few acres that could barely support six or eight or ten children in poverty, there was the hope of better crops, more money, more schooling, and better jobs; for girls, the hope of a better house, easier ways to do the hard household tasks, pretty clothes, health, companionship, and a fairer prospect for a good marriage.

So the first clubs were organized. Green vegetables were planted in neat scientific contours, carefully watered and fertilized, and finally served on flower-decked tables in recipes taught by the home demonstration agent to prove to those whose traditional diet had never included green beans or carrots or tomatoes or lettuce that they not only were fit to eat but tasted good. Houses shone with fresh paint. Hand-made doilies and bedspreads, chests and kitchen ovens, made homes more cheerful and work more pleasant. Outhouses began to be considered a necessity by some families. Because of better sanitation and better diet, health began to improve. Increased energy made possible bigger gardens and a surplus that could be sold for cash; and miraculously there was money for adding a room to a crowded house or for further schooling.

The next year the first of many annual district fairs was held in Cartago to show the public concrete evidence of the value of 4-S Clubs: rows of beautiful vegetables from small home gardens; jars of preserves and pickles for good eating the year round; embroideries and pictures (often painted on the backs of lard-can tops) to make even a dirt-floored adobe house a pleasant home. A twelve-year-old girl gave a skillful cake-baking demonstration before the whole crowd. A boy showed how to plant a coffee tree and how to spray it and told why: on one farm a STICA agent, using a spray he developed himself, increased the year's crop by 25 per cent.

Impressed, visitors to the fair from across the county line wondered why they too should not have these clubs. So the 4-S program spread—to richer areas and poorer areas, to isolated villages and suburban towns, to the pupils of three-grade schools and six-grade schools and the high schools in the central towns. From 36 clubs with 727 members in August 1950, the program grew to the present 206 clubs with 3,300 members.

There would be more if STICA had more personnel.

Only seventeen of the thirty agricultural extension agencies have club and home demonstration agents. Though the clubs, once organized, are on their own financially, they need the agents' guidance and expert knowledge to keep progressing. But money is limited and trained workers are hard to get. The county agents, who are widely considered able to do *anything*, are graduate agricultural engineers from the University of Costa Rica. No such training is available yet in home economics. However, six club and home demonstration agents are now at school in Puerto Rico and plans are under way for a work camp in Costa Rica to train leaders. Mrs. Olga de Ocampo, a former teacher who is head of home demonstration work, has studied in the United States and looks forward to the day when all her workers will have this opportunity.

That the agents have done their job well is demonstrated not only by the work the members accomplish but also by another equally valuable result—club spirit. I saw this when I attended a meeting of a girls' club near San Juan, in San Ramón Province, several miles by jeep up a rutted, muddy dirt road that branches off the Pan American Highway about fifty miles from San José (Mrs. Ocampo thinks nothing of such journeys, or of twelve-to sixteen-hour days). The clubhouse, put up by the boys and girls of the four San Ramón clubs with only a little help from near-by farmers and the loan of a STICA bulldozer, was neatly built and painted—pink inside, with curtains to match—and surrounded by a fenced plot. Here there were flowers, stone borders, and a community garden in which many things are grown, including baby mahogany trees that the clubs sell for a profit or give away for hillside reforestation.

The land for the clubhouse was contributed by Rafael Campos, the far-from-rich owner of a small farm to whose interest and help 4-S owes much of its success in the area. He was approached by Edgar Arias, director of club work for STICA, when 4-S was no more than an idea. His children, four sons and three daughters, were so shy they ran and hid from Mr. Arias that day; now they are among the most active club members.

Inside the clubhouse, we found benches and tables in place for the meeting. The girls all wore their 4-S badges—gold and green, the club colors, symbolizing the sun and the growing things of the earth, with the Costa Rican orchid embroidered in purple. Teresa Campos, the president, called the meeting to order. There is usually a club agent on hand to give instruction on specific projects; on this particular day there were almost as many guests as members. But the girls' poise was not shaken by the presence of a foreign visitor, the county agent and home demonstration agent, the county and club agents from the next district, and the two 4-S heads from the main office in San José. The minutes were read and approved. Then the members rose, proudly recited the 4-S pledge to use health, knowledge, and heart to serve their club, their village, and their country, and sang the 4-S hymn.

Next, as always, a demonstration of some phase of club work was given. This might have been on how to make over a dress for a little sister, how to can tomatoes,

how to set a pretty table, or how to make the table itself, girls as well as boys being fond of cabinet work. That day, however, the demonstration was unique. Rita Campos, who had brought with her a docile duck, showed how to pluck down from the duck's breast and what to do with it. Each bit of fluff was smoothed, twisted, and rubbed with candle wax. Then it was ready to be made into powder puffs, dress trimming, or a lovely soft, warm cape like the one she had brought along to show us. The cape, lined with pink silk, had taken six ducks and four days of work, but she had already sold it for ten dollars—a week's wages in some parts of Costa Rica.

Afterward, the president presented the foreign guest with two plaques, the handiwork of club members, and refreshments, similarly homemade, were served with hospitality and grace.

So it goes at 4-S Club meetings all over Costa Rica. The single difference is that the San Ramón clubhouse is one of only six in the country; other clubs meet in schools, churches, or homes. The overworked agents start by scheduling meetings once or twice a month, but the members are far more likely to decide on every week, even though some must walk as much as four hours each way to attend. Everywhere the members elect their own officers, discuss their problems, and decide upon projects after full and free deliberation. Perhaps, says one STICA official, these boys and girls will grow up to take a real interest in their local government—their parents, as a rule, do not.

Stock raising, so much a part of 4-H Club life, is fairly new to 4-S. The National Dairy Show, held in Alajuela, was opened to boy exhibitors in March 1954. Twenty boys, all under fifteen, entered calves and walked away with various prizes, including a cup presented by the Rotary Club—the first time such an organization had taken an interest in 4-S. Pedro Vargas of Grecia, who won first prize, has two animals now, for after meeting him at the show a stockraiser gave him a blooded calf with which to start improving the stock in Grecia.

The scattered community and individual 4-S projects add up to impressive numbers. In the Palmares area, for example, five girls' clubs under the direction of Mrs. Nora Quirós de Chávez, the local home demonstration agent, completed 671 separate projects in one year. These included sixty-six canning and ninety sewing projects and all these home improvements: thirty-eight houses painted, floors laid in three, a room added to one, bathrooms installed in three, and twenty-six outdoor toilets built. On some of these the whole family helps, but the inspiration comes from the 4-S member of the household. The girls also did their share of work in 746 home gardens. (Many farmers have gardens now, but there were few before 4-S. Today the city-dwellers of San José enjoy bigger, redder tomatoes, greener lettuce, and fatter carrots.) Four club members trained as leaders by Mrs. Chávez have organized eleven more clubs in the area, all going strong.

Everyone knows about the three former 4-S boys who are now STICA club agents. There are students in high schools all over Costa Rica who would not be there but





Neighborhood turns out for official opening of 4-S clubhouse at San Ramón, one of six in Costa Rica. It is used by four active clubs



Carpentry project engrosses Nena Arias. Girls enjoy cabinet work as much as boys do



Claudio Folio, then Agriculture Minister, and STICA agent Carlos Norza tell 4-S boy about scientific tobacco-growing



Among the activities most popular with members of 4-S clubs is the raising of rabbits

Mrs. Olga de Ocampo, head of home demonstration work, shows club near Cartago how to make paper plate



Boy exhibitors with their prize-winning calves at National Dairy Show in 1954



for the incentive and money that came from 4-S. Each year several boys—and in 1954 there was one girl—are sent to the United States under the International Farm Youth Exchange program (see “IFYE Makes Friends,” December 1955 *AMERICAS*). And in three thousand homes the level of living is a little higher, the outlook a little brighter.

Statistics can be dull, but individuals seldom are. Take these examples:

Laudencio Marín of Pozos de Santa Ana was so proud of belonging to 4-S that he nailed outside his home a sign reading simply “Club Member.” One day a man stopped to ask him *what* club. Then “What do you do?” And “What do you want to do?” The result was a job. Now, two years later, Laudencio is home again with enough money saved to finish high school. Four more members of his family have joined.

In another district a girls’ club took some of its own hard-earned funds to pay for a uniform, supplies, and other necessary expenses to see a member through school.

Francisca Moya, one of a family of thirteen living near Palmares, welcomed us one morning at nine o’clock. At her inspiration, three extra rooms had been added to an overcrowded house and a tight roof had replaced the original thatch. It took a bank loan to finance the improvements, but the money Francisca’s home garden brought in helped to pay it off in less than two years. Besides vegetables for the family and onions for market, she grows roses—her share of a collective club project to provide cuttings for every member’s home. A perfect hostess dressed in an immaculate skirt and blouse, Francisca served us her own freshly baked corn cake and vanilla milk.

Life is more difficult for tenant farmers on coffee and sugar fincas. Across the road, Bernarda Morales does

*Turrialba 4-S members learn how to plant fruit trees. Orchard will be club project*



what she can to improve the thatch-roofed, mud-floored three-room cottage provided for her parents, her sister, and herself. With flower pots at the door, newly painted walls inside, neat bedspreads, and a center table covered with a hand-crocheted doily, the small house is a fine example of incentive and knowledge gained through 4-S. The crude kitchen stove is to be replaced, as is an outside all-purpose sink. There is already an outside privy, the space for which was grudgingly given by the finca owner, who, like plantation owners in other countries, prefers that all his land be used for his own crop. Bernarda grows her vegetables in a cooperative garden on other people’s land.

Pretty Nena Arias Alvarez is more fortunate. She can devote all her time to her projects, and her enthusiasm is so great that she keeps nine or ten going at once. Her garden is large and flourishing, her embroidery expertly done. She even does carpentry, and her hobby is a large collection of cactus. Her club, “Las Margaritas” in San Juan de Tibás, is almost a city club, able and ready to take on any project. When the group gave a farewell party for two IFYE boys from the United States who had spent four months visiting Costa Rican farm families, they invited the boys’ 4-S Club, hired an orchestra (marimba, accordion, and banjo), gave the U.S. boys lessons in the latest dance steps, served Costa Rican tamales, and made small gifts for their guests. As extra entertainment, Elsa Sánchez and Rafael Humberto Soto performed a typical Costa Rican dance, the *punto guanacasteco*, in costume.

As a result of 4-S community projects, many a village park has new trees and flower beds. Cemeteries in many areas are newly neat and clean. When a member of one club reported at a weekly meeting that he knew of two sisters, both very old, one an invalid, who were living in a windowless, floorless, almost roofless shack, the club voted to build them a house. Collecting gifts of money, lumber, nails, and roofing, the members went to work. Now, through the windows of her new home, the invalid sister can see the sunlight for the first time in many years.

New ideas tend to spread from community to community. The clubs have their own monthly magazine, *La Carreta*, published by the Ministry of Agriculture, and they also have a more direct exchange method: they visit one another. Not long ago forty-five members of the Cartago clubs traveled twenty miles by bus and jeep to visit the clubs at Turrialba. After a football game and refreshments, there was conversation. Each club came out of it with new ideas for club and community projects. Because of such meetings, more and more clubs want their own buildings, power saws, or pressure cookers.

Though a small part of the whole agricultural program, 4-S is one of STICA’s proudest achievements. Whenever an agent finds it hard to get the older people to change their ways, he remembers these eager boys and girls who are following all the rules and takes heart. He knows they are learning at first hand both the cash value of scientific farming and the benefits, in higher living standards and cultural levels, of community cooperation.

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ELIZABETH B. KILMER

SUPERSTITIOUS? Of course not! The dictionary defines superstition as "an irrational, abject attitude of mind toward the supernatural, nature, or God, proceeding from unreasoning fear of the unknown or mysterious. . . ." It is not my custom to haggle with Mr. Webster, but I do think that in this instance his definition is outmoded, applicable only to our early ancestors. "Respect for tradition" would be more apropos today.

Like clouds, superstitions cover the earth, assume infinite forms, and defy capture. The most popular know no national boundaries, though they may vary somewhat by country or by region. Take, for example, this business about Friday the thirteenth being a bad-luck day (and don't forget that there is one this month and another in July). People the world over have believed in this double hex from time immemorial.

The origin of the prejudice against the number thirteen is uncertain. According to some, it dates from early witchcraft, when so-called magic was performed by the Devil and twelve witches—thirteen! Others reason that man first learned to count by using his ten fingers and two feet, and came up with the number twelve. Beyond that was a mystery, the unknown, perhaps bad luck. (Personally, I do not hold with this theory, for I am sure that some of our progenitors must have been bright enough to count their toes too.)

Several years ago a family friend came up with thirteen on her house when the county renumbered many of its streets. With such an unlucky number she felt she would be courting certain misfortune. The sympathetic authorities understood, and changed it to eleven. Large hotels and office buildings in the United States often do not have a thirteenth floor; some even skip thirteen when numbering the rooms on other floors. Many North Americans believe that thirteen guests at a dinner table forebodes a death within a year, and as a counter-charm

all must join hands and rise as one.

In many countries any Friday is unlucky. It is bad to be born or married on Friday, to cut your nails or go courting. If you happen to live on the shady side of the law, cross your fingers and wish that you will never be called before a judge on Friday (bad luck any day, but far worse on Friday). This belief may have gotten its start when Eve tempted Adam with the fatal apple—supposedly on a Friday. Or perhaps it was because so many other misfortunes in Biblical times, including the Crucifixion, took place on this fateful day.

Another possible explanation comes from Norse legend. Friday takes its name from Frigg, or Frigga, the Norse goddess of marriage and domestic life. Later she was confused with the goddess of love and beauty, Freya, who was purportedly banished to the mountains as a witch when the Norsemen became Christians. After that, Friday was thought to be the regular meeting day of twelve witches and the Devil (presumably the same group that caused the number thirteen to fall from favor). Hence, Friday the thirteenth became a disastrous combination.

A popular Spanish American proverb cautions against another day: "*En martes ni te cases ni te embarques* [On Tuesday don't marry or go to sea]." And Hondurans cast their eyes heavenward as they warn against Sunday the seventh.

What do you do when a black cat crosses your path? I hope, for your sake, that you change course to keep the evil creature from casting a spell on you. A Colombian friend of mine who is unperturbed if it moves from right to left begins to quake if the animal appears from the left, or sinister, side. Superstitious Bolivians believe that a black cat on the bed of a sick person means certain death. And in parts of Chile, the eyes of a black cat, if extracted and carried with you, are a potent good-luck charm.



Ancient Egyptians worshipped cats, probably because of their unique ability to survive falls. Their gleaming eyes seemed to hint at magic, and the sparks from their fur were surely fire. Cats came to be associated with the Trinity, and three times three was the highest honor granted. Hence the saying "A cat has nine lives." (Most South Americans allow only seven.) Black cats came in for special notice during the Middle Ages, when it was thought that they served as witches' mascots. After seven years' apprenticeship, they in turn became devils or witches.

Many people in various parts of the world avoid contact with toads—that is, unless they want to raise a crop of warts. Our primitive ancestors believed that like produced like, and so the warty skin of the toad was eyed with suspicion. However, if you do become afflicted with warts, you need not bother with new-fangled electrolysis treatments. There are several cures recommended in rural areas of the United States and Great Britain. Take a bean or a piece of stolen meat, rub it on the wart, then bury it. As the foodstuff decays, the annoying blemish will dry up. Or you can use a grain of barley, which you must feed to a chicken. Just as the grain disappears down the hen's gullet, so will the wart vanish.

Do you knock on wood? Men have been doing it for centuries, ever since they believed the gods lived inside trees. In those days, if you wanted a special favor from a god, you touched the bark and, after the favor was granted, knocked to say thanks. Others tapped wood so that evil spirits—who were always spoiling for a chance to ruin men's lives—could not hear any good news being discussed. I always rap three times to be sure it's effective. A Bolivian told me that if no wood is handy, your elbow will do just as well.

I carry a rabbit's foot too, which seems to be more popular in the United States than in other countries. Not just any old foot, to be sure, but, in accordance with Southern tradition, the left hind foot of a rabbit killed by a cross-eyed man in a cemetery by the light of a full moon. Some people even specify that the animal must have been killed on the grave of a very wicked person—the wicked the better. Grover Cleveland, during a race for the U.S. Presidency, is said to have carried one from Jesse James' grave.

European hares—cousins of our rabbits—presumably started the whole thing by their strange, mystifying behavior. They lived in the open, came out after dark to feed, and frolicked in groups on moonlight nights. However, primitive men were most impressed by the way they used their hind legs. Not only did their rear feet hit the ground in front of their forefeet when they ran, but they seemed to be thumping out a secret message. It was not long before those feet were acclaimed as powerful good-luck charms.

Another animal—all of him, not just part—that is thought to bring a smile from Dame Fortune is a white horse (or light gray, if you are really hard up). An interesting sidelight is that if you wish on one for a gift, you can make sure of getting it if you spit over your little finger (an unsanitary practice, but saliva has long

been considered an excellent counter-charm). In most parts of Europe you must spot three dogs in close succession after the horse for the charm to work.

Long ago our forebears noticed that horses could find their way in the dark without mishap and consequently credited them with the power to foresee danger. White horses had the added charm of symbolizing purity. Also, they seemed to live longer. Now, of course, we know they are less susceptible to heat (white reflecting the sun's rays). Even so, there is an outside chance that our ancestors were on the right track, so don't fail to wish, or spit, or both.

Not everyone believes white horses are good-luck omens. If a superstitious New Englander sees one after dark, he expects the worst. To forestall impending evil, he quickly licks one thumb and stamps it on the palm of the other hand.

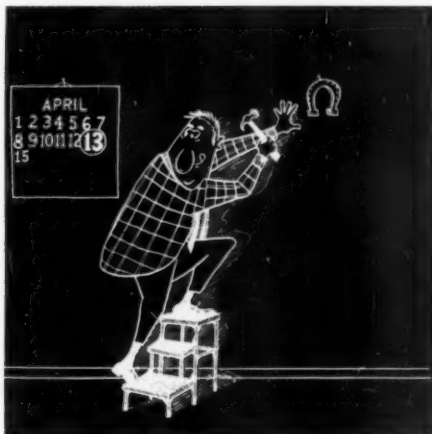
Who could doubt that horseshoes bring good luck? This dates back to the fourth-century Greeks, who are thought to have made the first horseshoes. Horses were sacred, and consequently their shoes came to symbolize good luck. Moreover, iron, which was considered protection against witches, was used in making them. To clinch it, until recently horseshoes held seven nails—a magic number. If you are still unconvinced, there is further proof. Once the Devil went to St. Dunstan, the tenth-century English cleric who was also a blacksmith, and asked that his feet be shod. Recognizing his customer, St. Dunstan extracted a promise that he would never enter or disturb any home that displayed a horseshoe.

Hang the horseshoe over your doorway (you can forget all your troubles if it is from the right hind leg of a gray mare). Some claim it must be hung with the open end up, to suck in the Devil and trap him if he ventures near, or simply to hold the good fortune in. Prongs down, all the magic pours out and either is irrevocably lost, which is bad, or keeps the Devil from crossing the threshold, which is good. Here, as in the case of many superstitions, you have your choice of interpretations.

There are countless ways to make wishes come true. One of the most popular is to ask the "first star." I for one am given to repeating "Star light, star bright, wish I may, wish I might, have this wish I wish tonight." One slight hitch: You must not look at it again until you have spotted another star. According to Chilean belief, if you count seven stars for seven consecutive nights, your dream on the last night is sure to come true. Colombians make it nine, with your future husband or wife as the reward for perseverance.

A new moon grants favors and brings good fortune. For luck, bow to it three times, or nine times if you want to triple the bounty. People used to think the moon was made of silver and—following the belief that like produced like—would jingle silver coins as they wished for success in business. Europeans shiver to think what will happen when they see the new moon through glass.

Another Chilean superstition offers an interesting explanation for lunar eclipses. The sun fell in love with the moon, seduced her, then fled. Ever since then the moon, surrounded by her illegitimate children, the stars,



Illustrations by Earl Telfair



has pursued the sun to make him keep his promise to marry her. But she has never been able to catch up. When she comes too close, the sun throws earth in her eyes, blinding her, so he can get away more easily. In Haiti, a red moon during an eclipse forebodes bloodshed.

Our ancestors used to think that an evildoer could work magic against another by gaining possession of his eyelash. If one happened to fall out, it was burned immediately. Nowadays many people believe a fallen lash can be the instrument for making a wish come true. Put it on the back of your left hand, close your eyes, and hit the left palm with the back of the right hand. If the lash falls off, it has gone to bring back your wish. If it is still there, you can always try an alternate system. Place the lash firmly between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand. Open your fingers, and you get your wish if it is on the index finger. Otherwise, better luck next time. A Honduran warned of dire consequences if a lash is irretrievably lost. Bolivian school children try to tie a hair and an eyelash together, for if they succeed the recess bell is sure to ring.

Wherever you wish or whatever you wish on, there is added security in crossing your fingers as you do so. This comes from the old belief that the cross symbolized perfect unity and that any wish was held at the juncture of the two lines until it was granted. In bygone days two people made this sign together by crossing their index fingers. One wished, and the other hoped it would come true. Not until later did they begin to cross the middle finger over the index finger, as we do now.

One morning not long ago I noticed that one of my Mexican co-workers happened to have her sweater on wrong side out, and I told her so. Instead of changing it, as I had expected, she said she intended to wear it that way all day, for good luck—a belief shared with people in many parts of the world. A Haitian would not change it until noon, when he would expect to receive a gift. Uruguayans and Bolivians might look for presents too.

Long ago people thought that Death would not recognize them if they wore their clothes wrong side out. As time went on, this evolved into the belief that accidentally putting on a garment wrong side out was a warning from a good spirit or guardian angel. By leaving it that way you thwarted some evil plot and brought good luck instead.

Early man interpreted everything that happened around him. When certain sounds seemed bad—the swish of an arrow, a snake hissing, the moaning wind—like sounds were condemned. So when he first discovered he could whistle, he thought of it as a signal for evil spirits. Later, it was believed to be a way of casting a spell over another. All this gave rise to the modern beliefs (more prevalent in the United States than elsewhere in this Hemisphere) that you invite the Devil in if you whistle in a house; whistling backstage will bring bad luck to a show; whistling at sea causes a storm; and whistling in a newsroom means certain misfortune. In Argentina a superstition warns against answering a mysterious whistling in the night. It may come from a tormented soul, and if you whistle in reply you are sure to go crazy.

Bolivians quake if an owl hoots in the night.

The superstition about breaking a mirror also goes back to our primitive ancestors, who used to think the gods broke the mirror (or any other means of reflecting images) to keep the person from seeing into the future. Obviously, this was a warning that the future boded no good. Others thought a mirror reflected a man's soul. Naturally, if he broke it, he would lose his soul and die. Some thought that mirrors served to ward off evil spirits, who would run away at the sight of their own reflections. If the mirror was shattered, these malevolent sprites would run rampant.

The seven-year time limit on bad luck dates back to the first-century Romans. There were two schools of thought. One held that man's body was rejuvenated every seven years, and a broken mirror meant broken health. Consequently, recovery would take seven years. The other was based on the phases of the moon, which was held responsible not only for the ocean tides but also for the ages of man. In the early days there was another very practical reason for being careful with mirrors. They were quite expensive, and it might well have taken seven years of scrimping to buy another. Mexicans, incidentally, forestall the bad luck by dunking the broken pieces in water.

Ancient Greeks and Romans associated the left side with evil and the Devil. Getting out of bed "on the wrong side" does not mean the side other than the one by which you got in. The "wrong" side is the left side. Do it *right* or you will have a miserable day ahead of you. They tell me that in hotel rooms the beds are often placed so you cannot emerge from the left side. However, I have checked this recently, and the hotels where I have stayed apparently don't mind grumpy, unlucky guests, for the beds were planted squarely in the middle of the rooms (highly inconsiderate, since most of us don't know our right from our left first thing in the morning). But all is not lost if you do pile out on the left side. Just walk backward into the bed and start over.

Animals were probably the first to discover salt. Primitive men saw them near a salt lick, tried it themselves, and found it tasty. Then they learned that salt could preserve food, which led to the belief that it had protective powers for men as well. If they spilled some, they were sure it was a warning that evil lurked nearby. They threw the salt over the left side to bribe the spirits who were plotting the misfortune. Economy was also a factor in this taboo against spilling salt. Salt was a precious item in many regions, regarded as almost as valuable as gold (our word "salary" comes from the fact that early Roman soldiers were given an allowance of salt, or *salarium*; under the Empire, they received money to buy salt).

Whenever you spill salt, toss some over your left shoulder to ward off bad luck. A Brazilian girl told me that when she first saw this superstition put into practice, the salt happened to land on a bald man's head. Thinking this was an integral part of the ritual, for some time after that she hunted feverishly for a bald man whenever she spilled salt. Peruvians simply wet the spilled salt

down with a few drops of water. And in Honduras, if you notice your host sprinkling salt behind your back, best you leave, for he is obviously trying an old trick to get rid of unwanted guests.

Some scoffers say the only risk involved in walking under a ladder is that a can of paint might fall on your head. Not so. Primitive men saw that a ladder formed a triangle—the symbol of life—with the wall and the floor (or whatever the horizontal and vertical surfaces happened to be). If you walked through this sacred triangle, you would be punished by spirits unless you made some countersign. In certain Asiatic countries criminals were hanged from the seventh rung of a ladder propped against a tree. It was supposed that death was contagious, so people were forbidden to walk under the ladder for fear they would meet a wandering ghost and "catch death."

If you cannot possibly avoid walking under a ladder, there are three counter-charms: stop long enough to make a wish, cross your fingers, or make the "fig" sign (close your fist and stick the thumb between the first and second fingers). This last, incidentally, is regarded as a general good-luck charm in Brazil, where amulets in this shape have become very popular. Bolivian *señoritas* who walk under ladders resign themselves to spinsterhood.

There are several plausible explanations for the common belief that three on a match will bring bad luck. First in point of time was the pagan custom observed on the death of a tribal chieftain. All fires except his were extinguished. Then the witch doctor relighted the tribal fires, three at a time, with a torch from the chief's fire, which was thought to contain his spirit. Ordinary tribesmen dared not imitate this ritual in any way. Later, in early-tenth-century Russian Orthodox funeral rites, three candles were lighted from one taper to help the departed soul into eternity. This ceremony was performed only by the priests, and it became taboo for laymen to do anything similar.

The British date the belief from the Boer War. Any soldier shot while lighting his cigarette was invariably the third to use the same match. The British soldiers reasoned that the enemy snipers spotted the flame as the first cigarette was lighted, took aim at the second, and fired on the third. Sneer if you like that it was started by a match manufacturer eager to sell his wares, but think twice before you are third on a match. Bad luck (or a sniper) may be waiting.

If you think of seven as a lucky number, this is why. It was a sacred number among the Acadians, Assyrians, and Babylonians. It recurs constantly in antiquity. In the Bible there were seven days of creation, seven lean years and seven of prosperity, and so on. There was also that ancient Roman belief that the human life cycle was divided into seven-year periods. A Bolivian source listed about fifty other reasons, most of them attributed to the Indians. One that particularly struck my fancy was the list of requisites for fully enjoying a good cup of coffee, sometimes called the seven C's in Spanish: *Café, caliente, cargado, con cigarro, convidado, y conversado* (coffee, hot, full cup, with a cigarette, invited, and with conversation). Which seems like a very good idea. ♦ ♦ ♦

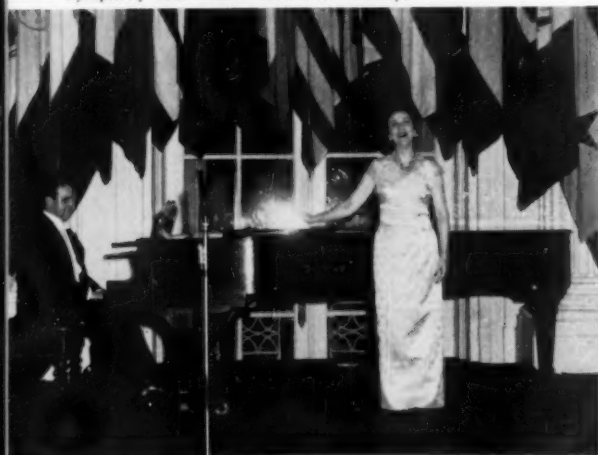
# oas

## PHOTO FLASHES



Costa Rica became the third Hemisphere nation to deposit its instrument of ratification of the Basic Agreement of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama when its Ambassador to the OAS and the United States, Fernando Fournier, signed the appropriate documents at the Pan American Union recently. Looking on are OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger (left), Honduran Ambassador to the OAS and the United States Carlos Izaguirre, and Dr. Manuel Canyes of the PAU Division of Law and Treaties. The Institute is a technical agency dedicated to improving nutrition in its member countries and has headquarters in Guatemala City.

At a recent Pan American Union recital sponsored by OAS Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile and Mrs. Sepúlveda, Chilean soprano Laura Krahn offered songs by Argentine, Chilean, Cuban, U.S., and European composers. Miss Krahn studied in Europe and was a soloist for several years with the National Symphony Orchestra in her native country.



Awarded annually to the person who has done most to promote peace, better understanding, and business relations in the Americas, the Theodore Brent cup, a prize established by the Mississippi Shipping Company, is received by the widow of the late OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila on behalf of her husband. Richard G. Jones, President of International House in New Orleans, made the award while OAS Council Chairman César Tulio Delgado of Colombia looked on.



At the opening of the exhibit of Chilean contemporary art presented at the Pan American Union under the auspices of the Chilean Government, OAS Council Vice-Chairman Alberto Sepúlveda of Chile (left) and Mrs. Sepúlveda looked over some of the sculptures with Dr. Ignacio Benítez Gallardo, Chilean alternate representative on the OAS Council. The exhibit, which also includes oils and prints, was arranged by the Institute of Plastic Arts of the University of Chile in Santiago. A similar show was on display during March in the building of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in New York City.

When the Haitian Ambassador to the OAS, Love Léger, awarded a diploma of merit from his people to the American Legion Auxiliary at a Pan American Union ceremony, the program included songs and dances by the Haitian soprano Adeline Guilbaud. The award was made in recognition of the nationwide Pan American study program developed by the Auxiliary in the past fifteen years. Haiti is this year's subject.





# Presenting our new Secretary General



*Above: Before resigning as Uruguayan Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Mora pays a farewell visit to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles*



*Mrs. Mora, the former Susana Nery, with the fan collection she inherited from her mother*



*Above: Susana, Mrs. Mora's daughter by a former marriage, attends the Madeira School in Greenway, Virginia. She is shown with the headmistress, Miss Allegra Maynard*

*Right: The new Secretary General autographs the album of a young visitor to the Pan American Union*



*Below: Gladys Mora de Surani, Dr. Mora's daughter, lives with her husband and little Cristina in Montevideo*





*Dr. Mora relaxes with his family. A hi-fi fan, he claims to "have played" the piano, but friends say he still does, and very well*



*In his Pan American Union office, Dr. Mora talks with Sterling W. Fisher, of the Reader's Digest*

APRIL PROMISES to be a big month for the Organization of American States. On the fourteenth, Pan American Day, the inter-American system will celebrate its sixty-sixth birthday. The same month inaugurates another phase for the Organization, when the new Secretary General takes over the reins. Elected in January, Dr. José A. Mora returned to Uruguay before taking office to present his resignation from the posts of Ambassador to the United States and Uruguayan Representative on the OAS Council, both of which he had held for several years. For the past year he was also Council chairman.

"It is up to the Secretary General," Dr. Mora feels, "to try to maintain a balance among the Organization's economic, social, juridical, and cultural activities so that the various facets of the work will progress simultaneously." But he anticipates within the next few years, in answer to the American nations' growing economic problems, "extensive technical studies and practical solutions to establish an efficient economic system throughout the Americas."

Dr. Mora brings to his new post a background of legal training, wide diplomatic experience, and a deep understanding of inter-American problems. His contact with this family of nations started twenty years ago, when he took part in the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace in 1936. Since then he has participated in the four Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the American Republics, in two of the periodic Inter-American Conferences, and in two specialized meetings. He also exercised considerable influence as Chairman of the 1950 Investigating Committee on the Caribbean Situation. Outside the inter-American field, he has represented his country in the United Nations, at the Japanese Peace Conference of 1951, and on the Committee of Jurists that prepared the statutes of the International Court of Justice. His diplomatic posts took him to Spain, Portugal, Brazil, and Bolivia, in addition to the United States.

As the citizens of our countries become more familiar with the work and objectives of the OAS, Dr. Mora is convinced, they will realize that the inter-American system is the best safeguard for their interests in effectively maintaining peace and promoting cooperation among the twenty-one member nations.

From now on Dr. Mora will coordinate the activities of the Pan American Union, the secretariat through which OAS projects are put into practice. He feels that "the Union must be on the alert at all times, ready as a service organization for any emergency, without interrupting the steady work of its technical and information offices." With a full calendar of inter-American conferences this year (see "Dear Reader," February 1956 AMERICAS), the Union has a strenuous schedule ahead. Aside from doing the spadework for these gatherings, it must conduct the meetings smoothly and furnish the host country with whatever personnel it requires. "We must keep this mechanism operating at maximum efficiency at all times," Dr. Mora says, "so that the OAS can live up to its reputation and to the confidence our peoples have placed in it." ♦ ♦ ♦



## points of view

### MUCH ADO ABOUT BOLIVAR

A CONTROVERSIAL ARTICLE on the great Liberator has brought a heated reaction from Venezuelans, as reported in the Colombian weekly news magazine *Semana*:

"... The Colombian writer Eduardo Caballero Calderón has fired a direct salvo from Madrid. He has passed judgment on the character of Simón Bolívar ... in two contrasting periods of his life, one of greatness and the other of decadence. A week after his article appeared in *El Nacional*, Caracas daily, Troy was burning. Rather, the Bolivarian Society of Venezuela was burning—in righteous fury. Its president, Cristóbal L. Mendoza, an avid Bolivarian, brands the essay as 'sinful and Machiavellian.'

"Caballero Calderón said what he thinks about Bolívar ... yet the article is reverent and exhibits a profound, human Bolivarian faith. Briefly, the Colombian thinks there are two Bolívars, just as there are two Luthers, two Goethes, two Cervanteses, and two Napoleons. ... One merits glory and respect, is the father of American liberty. The other 'would have been no more than one of the many petty, spur-jingling tyrants that we have suffered in America.'

"The first Bolívar is the man of 1810: the one who fought against the Spanish at Cartagena, who was routed by them at Puerto Cabello, who wrote

the Jamaica Letter, who planned the Constitution of Angostura, who won the battles of Carabobo, Boyacá, and Pichincha, and who brought about the battle at Ayacucho that firmly established continental freedom.

"The other Bolívar ... is the man of 1824: the one who thought his efforts were in vain, who had certain monarchical desires, who endowed Bolivia with an aristocratic constitution, who dictatorially disbanded the Nueva Granada Congress.

"Caballero Calderón declares that this opinion is not new to him. And he repeats it because he thinks the historical figure of the Liberator should be carefully reexamined 'in order to rescue his intellect and his character from ... distortion.' [He continues:] 'I believe a Colombian historian—Colombian because it was in Colombia that the Liberator's political genius came to maturity—must write a book to set things right. A book aimed at the young people: you who are being so sadly deceived. Bolívar is not that inflexible, shriveled, spleenful reactionary, that enemy of free speech and well-written literature that is being presented to you. Bolívar wrote the Jamaica Letter, which was the gospel of American liberty. Bolívar is the author of the Angostura Constitution, which set the standard for our democratic institutions. Bolívar is the man who strengthened the law when he sub-

mitted his sword ... to the sovereign will of the Congress of Colombia so that [it] might decide freely on the organization of the country. ...'

"But the academicians were annoyed, especially their president, who, at the session commemorating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Liberator's death, harshly criticized the Colombian's thesis, branding it a diatribe against Bolívar that cannot be accepted by Venezuelans or any freedom-loving people.

"Meanwhile the Bolivarian Society of Venezuela protested and asked the press to publicize their objections. Dr. Mendoza pointed out that the society has respectfully accepted foreign judgments of Bolívar's work, whether favorable or not. ... For example, it opposed prohibiting circulation of Salvador de Madariaga's biography of Bolívar, despite the fact that it was an embittered expression of prejudice. ..."

### PROGNOSTICATION

AN EDITORIAL in *El Diario de Hoy*, San Salvador daily, poses a question about the U.S. Government's attitude toward the banding together of the Central American nations under the Organización de Estados Centroamericanos, or ODECA (see AMERICAS, October 1955):

"... Many Central Americans, who know relatively little about the North American people, think the United States will not favor ODECA. They feel that our great northern neighbors are primarily interested in 'domination, intervention, control, subjugation, and exploitation,' and that it best serves their purposes ... to have us divided. Thus despotism ... will be the instrument for making their wish come true, and they will supply the tyrants with effective arms. They will leave nothing but a sham of republican liberty. They will have us where they want us ... , divided so that they can rule.

"But this way of thinking is obviously without any foundation in truth. ... It does not take into account the North American people as they are. And their history is forgotten. Certainly official opinion in Washington can go astray—and has done so many times—when considering prob-

lems of the Americas and of the world. But on countless occasions that nation has promptly responded to the call of moral duty. Today the United States represents the finest, most powerful democratic organization of men in existence. Spurred on by a love of liberty, that country has fought two world wars. It has assisted in numerous efforts . . . to improve men's living conditions and has wholeheartedly backed the United Nations. There is no European attempt at unification that does not receive U.S. support. Collectively and individually, North Americans are understanding and generous. . . . Once a cause has won their sympathetic interest, they know how to help . . . , as they most certainly will in the case of Central American unity. . . ."



—Manchete, Rio de Janeiro

## WHO'S SUFFERING?

"INDIANS eat like kings," says Pompilio Ortega in an article in *Agricultura*, monthly magazine published by the Honduran Ministry of Natural Resources:

"According to an old saw, he who laughs last laughs best. Good-hearted people talk a blue streak lamenting the life of the poor Indians; others look upon them as objects of scorn and derision. Yet [in contrast to white men] Indians live longer, are more courageous, almost never need glasses, and do not suffer from dyspepsia. As for reading and writing, I will bet that

the town of Guajiquiro has a higher literacy rate than any [comparable] group of Spanish descent. . . .

"And their food? A high-society banquet menu rarely lacks Italian-style mushrooms, for example. Many upper-class families of Comayagua, Danlí, or Trujillo may never have seen them on their tables, but in La Esperanza [in Intibucá Department] the most humble Indians eat luscious mushrooms *a la intibucana*—and without fanfare. . . .

"Another delicacy, which they eat because they are poor, is very rare even in our most elegant homes. According to the gourmets, you must go to the United States, Europe, or Japan to enjoy . . . frogs' legs. Yet during certain months of the year the mountains of Intibucá seem to come alive with fantastic lightning bugs: the Indians hunting magnificent, long-legged frogs. . . . In terms of dollars or lempiras, a dozen legs represent more money than they have ever had in their pockets.

"The Indians are great coffee-drinkers, but not many raise it. Their favorite fruits are *matasano*, which helps prevent high blood pressure and improves the vision, and the highly nourishing *anona*. . . . Of course, there is always corn . . . , and their fields yield a nutritive variety of wild onion that I have never seen elsewhere. . . . Finally, they have black beans, which, if their food value were made known, could eliminate the sale of those vitamin pills that come to us from abroad."

## MAGIC WATERS

A SEA VOYAGE has indisputable charm, whether you look to the water or to the land. The distinguished Nicaraguan educator Carlos A. Bravo recorded his impressions of one trip in *Azul*, monthly publication of the Ministry of Foreign Relations in Managua:

"Many years ago I was bound for the United States from Bluefields on the Swedish ship *Stavanger*. . . . The captain was a young marine engineer from Malmö, and his wife a girl with the mystery of far-off places in her beautiful eyes. . . . She was the granddaughter of a seafaring man, the daughter of a seafaring man, and had been born on the sea and lived there.

. . . She saw wonderful things where others could see only water.

"Her first and only son was born on a ship flying a Nicaraguan ensign, on the crossing to New Orleans where the pent-up sea is wildest and most obstreperous, in the Gulf of Mexico. The waves there travel in groups, with no thought for the shores . . . , pushing each other as if playing a never-ending game. . . . The captain's wife did not like the sameness of that stretch of water and, to break the monotony, told stories of beautiful fiords and bays. . . . She sang lullabies in Swedish, while the sea rocked her little son in its arms. She crooned to him of fish with scales of silver, gold, and mother of pearl, and eyes of emerald, sapphire, and turquoise. If he went to sleep, all the marine treasures were his. She had for him a tiny ship of gold with a silken sail and the Swedish flag on the mast. . . . Looking at her son she would murmur to herself: He will be a seaman like all the rest, and he will command a three-masted ship with many sails, flying the flag of Sweden, and he will sing Scandinavian songs when the sea carries him on its waves, and he will be handsome like Prince Olaf. . . .

"One afternoon, when the water was sparkling and happy, the captain came below to tell me we were skirting the shores of Nicaragua: an irregular, sinuous line that looked different at every turn. These shores are singularly lovely, where the sea for century upon century has patiently sculptured walls of stone, like those from Puerto Cabezas to Bilwaskarma. Exquisitely cut laces are splashed with the whiteness of the foamy waters. Stone lookout points in Uskira, walls . . . in Sandy Bay, . . . the mirrored surface of lagoons like Taberis, Karatá, Wounta, and Twapy, and in the distance, shining golden in the sunlight, the Kurnuck hills. . . .

"To think that Nicaraguans are unaware of the existence of these things, are not even interested. . . . The captain understood my silence and left me undisturbed. I cannot say exactly where the magical spell lay, there with me or on the silent Nicaraguan shore that echoed the thundering noise of the ship's engines. Neither do I know what delighted my soul: that undulat-



ing line of green land, the bubbling sea, or the captive silence amid the sound. . . . I was only going to New Orleans, just around the corner so to speak, but it seemed that I would never return and that I should indelibly engrave that picture on my mind. . . ."

## LA TULIVIEJA

FOR GENERATIONS Panamanians have handed down the legend of the Tulivieja, which points up the moral that a woman's place is in the home. This version, by Antonio L. Chávez, appeared in *The Month in Panama*, an English-language magazine published by the Colon Free Zone:

"Long, long ago in the early history of mankind when the forces of good and evil tore the nations into tribal factions—even as they do today—it came to pass that an evil spirit took the form of a beautiful maiden. Her eyes were deep sea blue, her hair spun gold, glistening in the sun, her skin a luscious combination of cream with tint of rose petals. She was tall, slim, and graceful, a dancing sprite whose candid eyes disguised the selfish, pleasure-loving instincts within. Young warriors sought her hand but she put them off with promises, scheming to win a husband worthy of her charms.

"One day, a day of conquest for the tribe, the chief decided to reward the young warrior who had led his tribe to victory.

"Name your wish,' the chief commanded, 'you can have anything in my realm.'

"Give me the blond maiden for my wife,' the young hero replied.

"And thus it was that the sun maiden was wed to the hero, in due time bearing him a child, the golden-haired, blue-eyed image of its mother. But in her heart the young mother was not happy, though her husband was a tribal hero, her baby a smiling cherub seemingly straight from Heaven. She could no longer go dancing with the young warriors. She must stay in the wigwam tending her child. The evil spirit so long disguised was boiling up within. Came the night when the tribe was celebrating another victory. . . .

"Were it not for this babe, I could dominate the festival,' the girl said.

"The moon was full, the landscape bathed in silver, almost as light as day.



One of many illustrations by Tallián that liven pages of *Revista Nacional de Cultura*, published by Venezuelan Ministry of Education

She wrapped her baby in a blanket and slipped quietly down to the river bank where she laid him on the sand. She then hastened to the victory tent, where she happily joined the revelers. . . . She was drinking when her husband found her.

"Listen!" he said angrily. "I hear a baby crying!"

"She remembered her child on the river bank and fled to the spot where she had left him . . . , but the baby was nowhere to be seen.

"What seek ye?" a voice questioned.

"Nothing," she replied.

"But the voice persisted. 'The blessed waters have taken your child,' the unseen speaker told her ominously. 'Return to the orgy, you creature of evil! You will never see your child again! You are accursed!'

"Then there was silence, broken only by the soft murmuring of the river, the moaning of the wind, and the distant sounds of revelry. The fear-crazed mother suddenly found herself transformed into something hideous and grotesque. She put her hands to her face. Its softness was toughened almost to the texture of leather, with deep creases, and—still more horrible—tough bristles sprouting and seemingly growing by the minute. They were red, not golden as her hair had been. Even her hair was rough and unkempt. . . .

"The horror grew as she ran her hand over her body, which had also changed grotesquely. Her hands were growing long, sharp, curled nails like

those of a cat. Her whole posture was changing, her legs seemed those of a tired old horse with hoofs instead of feet. And in her horror again she heard that menacing voice, 'Go now and look for your child. If you find him alive this curse shall be lifted.'

"In an agony of terror and shame she moved along the shore on all fours, seeking the babe she had left on the bank. But she plodded upstream instead of down, moaning and crying in the only voice she had left: 'Uy! Uy! Uy!'

"It is said the distraught creature still roams the river banks and the fields seeking her child. It is said she has stolen other children and, finding they were not hers, killed them and fled. People warn their children against being abroad at night, assuring them the Tulivieja will get them. Even today, when the moon is full, the waters of the river whisper a mysterious melody, and the wind moans in the treetops, not even the brave dare to approach the river at night. They fear to meet this evil spirit still looking for her child. And sometimes, when a young mother wishes to attend a fiesta and dance with her former swains, comes the warning cry of the Tulivieja: 'Uy! Uy! Uy!'



—De Frente, Buenos Aires

## Answers to Quiz on page 45

(1) (2) (3) (4) and (5) All true. (6) False. It is used as a fuel and to make paper, cardboard, fiber board, and plastics. (7) False. Sorghum is the syrup from the juice of any sorgho, a genus of grass with some thirty-five species, grown for forage. Molasses by-products include synthetics, therapeutics, munitions, chemicals, and automobile anti-freeze. (8) True. (9) True. (10) False. The exhausted beet pulp and plant tops are widely sold for stock feed.

# BOOKS

## BUILDING DOWN SOUTH

LATIN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE 1945, by Henry-Russell Hitchcock. New York, Museum of Modern Art (Simon and Schuster, Inc., distributors), 1955. 288 p., 235 plates. \$6.50

Reviewed by Luis Vera

Anyone who has followed the progress of contemporary architecture in some of the Latin American countries will have noticed how, in the last fifteen years, this architecture has taken shape and is beginning to become properly integrated. If the achievement is not yet complete, at least the attempt is being made. Plastic expression now aims at purification and order in accord with perfectly defined principles.

It was the Museum of Modern Art in New York that announced the birth of a new "style" in the modern architecture movement when, in 1943, it presented an exhibition of photographs by G. E. Kidder Smith and published his book *Brazil Builds*, written in collaboration with Philip L. Goodwin. Everyone was amazed then at the vigor a group of young architects were giving their work. Significantly, just when the Latin American architectural evolution is coming to the end of the tentative stage and entering upon maturity, it is again the Museum of Modern Art that presents an exhibition and publishes another book—*Latin American Architecture Since 1945*, the work of Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock, one of the most famous U.S. authorities on the origins of modern architecture.

The museum sent Professor Hitchcock to ten Latin American countries and Puerto Rico to study their most significant examples of contemporary architecture on the spot. He was accompanied by the photographer Rosalie Thorne McKenna, who took most of the photographs in the book and the three-dimensional slides in the exhibition. Forty-six buildings were selected as most representative, in Professor Hitchcock's opinion, of the religious, school, administrative, industrial, commercial, and domestic architecture of these countries. Sixteen urban façades complete the study.

If it is true, as the author declares, that "Latin American architecture . . . may well have something more than a few clichés of *brise-soleils*, shell vaults, and *azulejos* to



offer to the rest of the world," it is also true that forty-six examples taken from here and there do not always succeed in giving a complete idea of a continent's architectural trends. A few works, properly selected, may be more important and representative than all of these, by expressing the spirit of the movement.

It is dangerous, even critical, in judging contemporary Latin American architecture, to forget that not every new work is a sample of it. Quite the contrary: it is necessary to dig deep to find works of real quality. But there are some. To put on an exhibition of architecture or to write a book about it, only a certain number of examples are necessary; but an exhibition or book on *contemporary* architecture needs to take much more complex and profound things into consideration. One could scarcely tell from Professor Hitchcock's selection that architecture is a function of man, whose activities determine the notions of time and space in our dwelling places; or that man is a social being, a member of the community and a participant in the collective life. In the last analysis, architecture is man's supplement to his natural environment.

In this book, the buildings are presented as abstract entities, independent of their sites and of the physical and social urban panoramas that surround them. Only a few exceptions show coherent, humanized characteristics. These are Niemeyer's Church of São Francisco in Pampulha, Minas Gerais State, Brazil; the School of Administration and Commerce of the University of Panama, by the architects Bermúdez, De Roux, and Brenes; the Baseball Stadium in Cartagena, Colombia, by the architects Solano, Ortega, Gaitán, and Burbano and

the engineer González Zuleta; the Children's Institute of the Rio de Janeiro University City and the Ceppas Building in the same city, by the architect Moreira; and the Pedregulho Housing Development in Rio, by the architect Reidy.

On the other hand, there are also clichés that ring false, even though some of them superficially look good. Thus, for example, despite the Manaure applied ornamentation, the Arp and Prevsner sculptures, the Léger stained-glass windows and murals, and the superb Calder interiors, the architecture of the Caracas University City is cold and commonplace; its forms and structures have not been properly worked out, and the result is confusion. One of the worst examples of design is the exterior of the Aula Magna, and I cannot understand why the museum has granted it such undeserved importance in its exhibition. The play of masses in the Central Cancer Institute of São Paulo, Brazil, is crude and mannered. The U.S. Embassy in Havana, despite the excellence of its details, completely lacks local flavor. The beehive apartment houses of Cerro Piloto in Caracas reveal an ignorance of the elementary standards of urban design, as shown in its anarchic masses, that led Lewis Mumford to say, reviewing the exhibition in *The New Yorker*, that this "bristling palisade of sixteen-story skyscrapers . . . shows that our neighbors to the south have as much to learn about housing and community planning for the lower-income groups as our own metropolitan housing authorities have—which is a lot."

It is incomprehensible that a selection supervised by the critical eye of a scholar with Professor Hitchcock's experience should be so unrepresentative not only of any country's contemporary architecture but also of the work of the architects dealt with. There are a number of examples of good architecture in the Mexican University City, and better photographs could be obtained direct from the University than those included of the stadium and the jai-alai courts. Gabriel Serrano and his partners have created, right there in Bogotá, better works than the Preparatory School building and the low-cost housing project. Similarly, Francisco Pizano, despite his ingenious arches in the Clark chewing-gum factory, far surpassed this design with the plans for his own home, which is not shown. Santiago Agurto created the Huampaní workers' vacation center, which is not included; he is represented by some feeble photographs of the Matute housing development. And it is better not to speak of all the architects of quality who are missing.

It is impossible to conceal the marked influences that at first and second hand have worked and are working on the Latin American architects. Fortunately, there has been no echo of Frank Lloyd Wright, but there are still the followers of the Bauhaus; there are the works of Bruno Zevi, strongly influenced by August Perret; and the Polar Building in Caracas, by the architects Vegas and Galia, in which the hard asceticism of Mies van der Rohe is unmistakable. Le Corbusier has been successful in imposing his theories. We must remember that the style Professor Hitchcock calls "Carioca" received its initial impulse as a result of this architect's presence in

Brazil as a consultant to the Ministry of Education and Health. His versatility and fecundity have always had followers and unconditional copyists. One need only leaf through Professor Hitchcock's book to discover them. In Brazil there is Affonso E. Reidy, who in many respects is superior to the master; in Uruguay, Antonio Bonet, whose Punta Ballena house was inspired by a design that Le Corbusier planned in 1935 and later elaborated for Cap Martin and Chandigar; in Venezuela, Guido Bermúdez, who in his Cerro Grande development joins certain principles applied in the Marseilles Unité d'Habitation with others that recall his designs for Algeria. But it is undeniable that the most marked plastic influence is that of the Brazilian Oscar Niemeyer, whose extraordinary personality is shown in the most varied adventures of form, color, and natural space.

It is clear from Professor Hitchcock's interesting book that despite the scarcity of building materials in Latin America, the technique of reinforced concrete achieves incredible solutions, as evidenced by the works of González Zuleta and Félix Candela. The problems created by climate lead to ingenious defenses against the sun; the necessity for ventilated and shady spaces has made common, wherever possible, construction on piles. The sun, the landscape, and the very temperament of the Latin American people influence their architecture, conferring on it a certain exuberance of form that, without going so far as the baroque, is an invaluable plastic contribution to contemporary architecture.

Luis Vera is assistant chief of the PAU Housing and City Planning Division.

## NEW BOOKS FROM MEXICO

Reviewed by Luis Guillermo Piazza

ROOSEVELT Y LA BUENA VECINDAD, by Francisco Cuevas Cancino. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1955. 551 p.

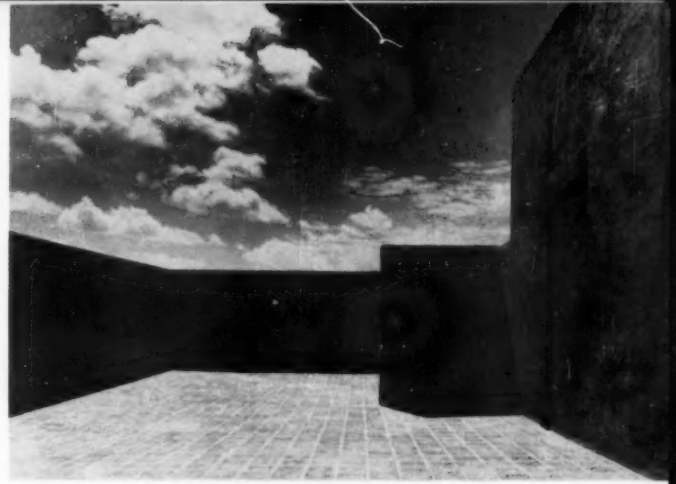
In the preface to this book, published ten years after President Roosevelt's death, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt writes: "I am extremely pleased that this book on my husband's Good Neighbor Policy has been written. It emphasizes the fact that I believe was fundamental in his mind—how essential it is to build better relations between the Latin American countries and our own, to re-establish faith in our democratic ideals."

So it does, and for it the author has adopted an evangelical tone rather strange for a "latino." Perhaps the explanation lies in the distinctive character of Roosevelt's doctrines and declarations, so different from those of Latin American leaders, who—whether Catholic or "liberal"—seldom mix God and the Bible with official business.

The subject is absorbing, and in these pages matters are revealed that should arouse the attention of all students of inter-American affairs, details of problems that are always worthy of consideration: the Monroe Doctrine, its origin, meaning, and application; British interests in conflict with other interests in the Hemisphere; Mexican petroleum; Argentine-U.S. relations; Soviet



*Buildings represented in Museum of Modern Art exhibition and book Latin American Architecture Since 1945. Polar Building (above) in Caracas shows influence of Mies van der Rohe. Below: Antônio Ceppas Building in Rio, by architect Jorge Machado Moreira*



*House in Mexico City designed by Luis Barragán for himself*



*School of Administration and Commerce at University of Panama, by Guillermo de Roux, René Brenes, and Ricardo Bermúdez*

*Home of Dr. Jadir de Souza in Rio, by Sérgio Wladimir Bernardes*





overtures; the Rio Conference; World War II and unconditional surrender; and so on.

The personality of President Roosevelt—dynamic, multifaceted, bold, messianic—emerges out of a thousand anecdotes, principles (mainly religious), and deeds. Above all, and of great importance, the true meaning of the Good Neighbor Policy, a broad, universalist meaning, can be clearly seen: "We can with justice maintain the general principles of the Good Neighbor Policy and trust that this U.S. principle will spread to Europe and become something more and more effective, contributing to the peaceful solution of international problems."

According to the author, this statement, made at a press conference in March 1935, was the last to express in pristine form the idealism typified by the Good Neighbor Policy in its early days; at the same time, it helps in pinpointing what Roosevelt thought, since "in a note made earlier in preparation for the conference, Roosevelt had described the Good Neighbor Policy as Pan American; but on rereading the note he took out the qualifying adjective, giving it a general application." The author adds: "After 1935, as the example shows, the tendency to confine the Good Neighbor Policy to Latin America was great, but Roosevelt held on to the hope of applying it to the whole world."

Cuevas Cancino, an official of the Mexican Foreign Ministry, has conscientiously studied the materials placed at his disposal by the Roosevelt Library and has produced an indispensable book on the subject, whose most piquant conclusions must be read between the lines.

OROZCO, by Alma Reed. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1955. Illus.

José Clemente Orozco was an extraordinary artist, and this book is worthy of his art and his personality. The author knew Orozco for years, and watched him conceive and carry out some of his greatest works. Her book is therefore, as she says, "a personal testimony," on the painter and the man, seen from the vantage point of friendship and dictated by admiration. Moreover, the text is accompanied by many reproductions of paintings and of Orozco's incomparable drawings and engravings—many hitherto unpublished or little known.

Mrs. Reed first met the artist in New York, in the summer of 1928. For him, that was a time of sadness and solitude, along with a very precarious financial situation. "In general, he was dissatisfied or furious. He had the habit of suffering." The journalist and art critic had an admirable understanding not only of Orozco ("That my country did not recognize the presence of the distinguished Mexican visitor awakened me to sad reality") but also of the artistic atmosphere of her own country as compared with that of Mexico: "I suddenly realized how greatly our painters had failed in their attempts to win a proper position or to gain economic security in the richest and most powerful nation on earth. Their collective position in the last years of the twenties was actually less enviable than that of the artists in small countries scourged by poverty."

The book goes on to narrate the painter's vicissitudes,

his triumphs, his struggles, his contacts with diversified international society. The result is a real novel of a life, which—even if it were not the biography of a famous artist—would in itself constitute worthwhile and lively reading. In the description of Orozco and his actions can be glimpsed the self-sacrifice of all true artists. This makes Alma Reed's book a painful and unique testimony, faithful and moving—so different from ordinary art books, with their innocuous texts. Here the words are a worthy accompaniment to the illustrations. I unreservedly recommend this fine book to all who are interested in the life and work of the foremost Mexican draftsman, the great muralist, the satiric engraver; to those who have seen his colors and forms on some dark wall or in some magazine, and been moved; to everyone who wants to know the figure and the work most representative of what has been called "the Mexican Renaissance."

An English edition is being published this month by the Oxford University Press (\$6.00).

EL MERCADO DE TRABAJO: RELACIONES OBRERO-PATRONALES, by Guadalupe Rivera Marín. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica (Colección Estructura Económica y Social de México), 1955. 314 p.

This first volume of what will be a two-volume study aims—putting it in grammatical terms—at presenting the morphology of the labor market; the second will deal with the syntax. The purpose is to describe this specific field, to point out whatever defects exist, and to make pertinent suggestions for improvement, with the primary objective of contributing a few ideas to the movement for better economic development of the country. But as the author says, "although the research is focused on Mexico, greater breadth of views and judgment is provided by comparing it with theory and with what is happening elsewhere in the world." In particular, she shows the situation in the other American countries.

The book takes up, in turn, origins of law, current law, organized labor, employers' associations, business and its relationships, and labor conflicts; the appendices include the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man, the Declaration of Independence, and other documents. Illustrations, graphs, charts, and maps point up the topics discussed.

In the second volume, which is to appear shortly, the author will analyze the functioning of the labor market—that is, how its components act and react to produce economic phenomena similar to those characteristic of other markets. It will include division of labor and specialization; mobility of the factors of production and technological unemployment; supply and demand; labor costs as shown in the form of wages; underemployment and unemployment; the productivity, source, size, and distribution of income; cyclical influences; and so on.

The present study is the fourth to be published in the series called "La Estructura Económica y Social de México." Its predecessors were *La Estructura Social y Cultural de México*, by José E. Iturriga; *La Pesca* (Fishing), by Alejandro Quesada; and *La Industria de Energía Eléctrica*, by Cristóbal Lara Beautell.

RÍO GRANDE DE LAS AMAZONAS, by Fray Gaspar de Carvajal, O. P. Mexico City, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1955. 157 p.

Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of the famous conqueror of Peru, was leading a small expedition in search of what legend and rumor called "the land of Cinnamon." Like so many other parties anxiously searching for El Dorado, the group found itself in desperate straits in the jungles of the upper Amazon. Then a few members under the command of Captain Francisco de Orellana separated from the main group to look for help and supplies for their companions in arms. As happens in history and scientific experiments, unpredictable accident brought about an extraordinary event: the second expedition never carried out its purpose or returned to its point of departure, but in 1524 it discovered "the famous great river of the Amazon" and followed its entire length to the sea.

The manuscript containing the details of this discovery is preserved in the Madrid Academy of History—"a narrative written by Fray Gaspar de Carvajal of the Dominican Order, of the event of the new discovery of the famous great river, which Captain Francisco de Orellana by great chance discovered, from its birth until it emerged into the sea, with fifty-seven men he brought with him, and ventured upon the said river, and from the captain's name it was called the river of Orellana."

In his introduction, Jorge Hernández Millares, who also edited and annotated the text, sketches a brief but effective "Portrait of the Conquest" and describes the geographical and historical circumstances and the personalities of Orellana and Carvajal. In particular, he touches upon El Dorado and the Amazon—fascinating themes that in themselves quicken the reader's imagination.

This unique chronicle, dealing with one of the most important geographical discoveries in history, is part of the valuable "Biblioteca Americana" series.

*Luis Guillermo Piazza, secretary of the OAS Cultural Action Committee in Mexico City, has recently been appointed AMERICAS' literary correspondent in Mexico.*

#### GRAPHICS CREDITS

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- 33 F. Adelhardt
- 34 Nos. 1, 2, and 5, Ollie Fife, courtesy U.S. Information Agency—No. 3, O'Donnell, courtesy USIA—No. 4, courtesy Dr. Mora
- 35 Ollie Fife, courtesy USIA
- 45 No. 1, courtesy Sugar Information, Inc.—Nos. 2 and 5, courtesy Sugar Research Foundation, Inc.—No. 3, courtesy Alcoa Steamship Company, Inc.—Nos. 5, 7, and 9, U.S. Department of Agriculture photographs—No. 10, Rothstein, USDA photograph

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

##### SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

Dear Sirs:

As President of the American Society of Travel Agents, I was most interested in your January special travel issue and your comments on international efforts to promote the tourist trade in Latin America. ASTA has been particularly concerned with these problems, because we feel that the South American area is not receiving anywhere near the amount of business that it should obtain as an area on the basis of sightseeing attractions and interest for the traveler.

It seems to us that there is a great unfilled need for down-to-earth advertising and descriptive literature in English for complimentary distribution to prospective travelers. Perhaps the solution to this would be the organization of a cooperative set-up in South America similar to the European Travel Commission, with the idea that each country works for the others, and they will all obtain their share of the business.

I would also suggest that there should be carefully supervised, well-educated, English-speaking guides at every scenic attraction in South America, subsidized, if necessary, by the respective national tourist associations for a few years at least.

Well-versed guides, who are able to convey basic economic conditions and show enthusiasm to the traveler in addition to the normal sightseeing and who are not prone to steer travelers into shops to make purchases, would be a definite attraction. Also, they would tend to give the South American area an excellent reputation and create much favorable comment when the traveler returns.

If U.S. and Canadian citizens could be admitted to South America with a passport and vaccination certificate only, it would make the sale of South American travel a real pleasure and one that could be rapidly completed.

Of course, every country in South America likes to have travelers spend as much time as possible in its own territory, but to get the ball rolling, we feel they should promote short trips and play up business opportunities for export and import. We believe that it is easily possible to go around South America in three weeks by air, and such opportunities should be stressed in travel promotion, with the longer trip being sold to those who have time.

The Mexican Tourist Commission has set an example in regulating guides and hotels and in successful advertising that South American countries would do well to emulate.

T. J. Donovan  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your very wonderful Annual Travel Issue for January 1956! It is truly an outstanding magazine. . . .

Walter W. Hubbard  
Managing Editor, *American Motorist*  
American Automobile Association  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I have been a subscriber to your most valuable magazine since 1951 and take this opportunity to say how much I enjoy reading it. I am particularly interested in the travel articles and also the accounts of the religious festivals that seem to play such a great part in Western Hemisphere life.

W. Marsden  
Bromley, Kent, England

Dear Sirs:

May I compliment AMERICAS for publishing "The Other Mexico," by Erico Verissimo, in your January issue. It is a magnificent job of writing—one that may awaken visitors to this fabulous land to see and enjoy more than just the tourist sights that are arranged for them.

The tragedy of the American visitor is that he allots himself so little time for a vacation in Mexico. The wise visitor, who wants to reap full enjoyment of his trip, should plan this adventure with the same care that he would plan a long trip abroad. He should learn something in advance of the history of Mexico—

reading that is an adventure in itself. He should approach Mexico with an open mind and open eyes and throw himself into the spirit of the country, tasting of its fine climate, its good food, and its gracious life. Perhaps Mr. Verissimo's article will encourage more of us to do this.

T. C. Harris  
Executive Editor  
St. Petersburg Times  
St. Petersburg, Florida

#### PERIPATETIC TEACHERS

Dear Sirs:

The first "foreign" tour for teachers offered under sponsorship of the National Education Association went to Mexico in 1946. In 1945 I met with a group of local teachers and representatives of the Ministry of Education in Mexico City to solicit their help in assisting our groups to have experiences that only they as fellow teachers could provide them. We are particularly proud of the fact that this same committee, which met our suggestions so enthusiastically nearly eleven years ago, continues to work with us today.

Over the past decade our program of educational travel for teachers has grown to include some fourteen or fifteen of the other American republics. This summer, for example, between two and three hundred teachers will travel a total of more than 35,000 miles in Mexico and Central and South America. Like tourists everywhere they will, of course, take guided tours to places of historical interest, sample the local food at every stop, take innumerable pictures, and come home loaded with souvenirs. But thanks to the generous and knowledgeable help of their Latin American counterparts, they will do much more than that will make their weeks in the lands to the south uniquely rewarding to them, personally and professionally. In addition to opportunities for exchanging views with fellow teachers and observing schools in session, there will be visits to industries and farms and social welfare institutions. Local leaders will discuss with them in informal sessions various facets of community and national life. And, as one would expect where teachers are concerned, special attention will be given to the cultural activities in which our sister republics take such well-deserved pride.

Each member of these NEA teacher groups receives from the Pan American Union well before departure a special packet of informational materials on the countries to be visited. Included is a copy of the current issue of AMERICAS, the first of twelve they will receive throughout the following year as a continuing link with the countries they have visited and an ever useful tool in interpreting their experiences in the classroom. The response from the teachers themselves to this background material has been most favorable.

We believe that during their short summer sojourns in Latin America and in the years that follow in the classroom, our teachers are contributing in some small way to the common purpose commemorated by Pan American Day, that of "maintaining the peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans."

Paul H. Kinsel  
Director, Division of Travel Service  
National Education Association  
Washington, D.C.

#### TEACHER'S WORKSHOP

Dear Sirs:

Syracuse University's Third Summer Workshop in Public Affairs is scheduled to be held from July 2 to August 10, 1956. The Workshop presents an unusually rich experience for social studies

teachers and other interested participants to observe government at first hand. A note in your magazine will aid materially in reaching those for whom the Workshop is designed.

Phillips Bradley  
218 Maxwell Hall  
Syracuse University  
Syracuse 10, New York

#### WINTER DOWN SOUTH

Dear Sirs:

Somebody "goofed"! In "Happy Land" in your "Points of View" section in the January 1956 issue, August 5 is [called] mid-winter in El Salvador!

'Nuf said! Enjoy AMERICAS thoroughly. Just subscribed in December and glad of it.

J. O. Glennie  
San Bernardino, California

The article quoted reads: "no obstante que agosto es mes de pleno invierno. . .". Actually, the term "winter," or invierno, is used in the Central American countries for the rainy season. Our thanks to reader Glennie, however, for helping to clarify the matter.

#### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Maria Elsa González Texido (E, S) Fitz Roy 117 Bahia Blanca, Argentina	Malcolm Webber, Jr. (E, S)* 175 York Street Bangor, Maine
Betty Everley (E, S)—C 130 South 28th Street Lincoln, Nebraska	Jorge O. Aubonne (E, S, F)—C Ciudad de la Paz 2765 Buenos Aires, Argentina
Mrs. Gertrudis Aguilar (E, S, F, Polish, Russian) 17215 Sunset Detroit 12, Michigan	Juan S. Bevilacqua (E, S, F, Italian)—H* Sarmiento 435 Rio Tercero Province of Córdoba, Argentina
Jorge Webb Neme (E, P) Rua 7 de Setembro, No. 1 Itabuna, BA, Brazil	Roger A. Jones (E, German)—H* 156 Brighton Avenue Perth Amboy, New Jersey
Elena Noemi Jubert (E, S)—H Rodriguez 846 Bahia Blanca, Argentina	J. Barta (E, S, F)* Boite Postale No. 15 Le Vésinet, S-4-O France
Adi Augustin (E, S, P, German) Caixa Postal 26 Novo Hamburgo, R.G. do Sul Brazil	Raúl R. Bulgheroni (E, S, F)—C Jesús María, Córdoba Argentina
Nancy Behrus (E, S) Box 314 Weeping Water, Nebraska	Lee R. Spitznogle (E, S)* 636 North 21st Street Corvallis, Oregon
Helene Rosoll (E, S)—C 1219 Albemarle Avenue, N.E. Atlanta 7, Georgia	Ben Dasch (E, S)—C* 2053 McGraw Avenue New York 62, New York
John R. Tobin (E, S)—C 686 Westerly Road, Apt. C Akron 7, Ohio	Cecilia Pepper P. (E, C) Casilla 1094 Santiago, Chile
Victor A. Córdova (E, S) Casilla Correo 65 (Suc. 7) Buenos Aires, Argentina	Carlos Alberto Patrone (E, S) Ascasubi 4324 Munro, F.C.N.G.B. Provincia de Buenos Aires Argentina
Maxine Boston (E, S)—H 11417 S. Ashland Chicago 43, Illinois	

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1900 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

# What do you know about sugar?

Answers on page 38

This quiz will test your knowledge of one of the world's most widely used foods. Answer True or False to each of the following statements. Score one for each correct answer, 10-9 is excellent; 8-7, good; 6-5, average. Anything lower indicates that you don't know what you're eating.

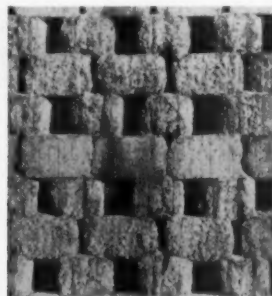
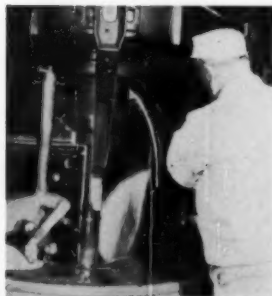


1. Cuttings, or pieces of stalk, not seeds, are used in planting sugar cane. Their joints have a bud or "eye" that will sprout after being placed in the furrow and covered with earth.

2. Fields of cane are sometimes set afire to remove trash and leaves, without injuring the juices in the stalk containing sugar.

3. In 1493, on his second voyage, Columbus introduced sugar to the New World with plantings on Hispaniola in what is now the Dominican Republic. Today harvesting throughout Spanish America is known as the *zafra*.

4. Crude brown loaf sugar, rather than white granulated, is consumed by many people in Latin America. It is known as *panela* in Colombia; *papelón* in Venezuela; and *tapa de dulce* in Costa Rica.



5. Centrifuging is essential part of refining process. Rapidly whirling wire-mesh baskets throw off molasses, leaving semi-dry white crystals.

6. Bagasse, the residue from cane-grinding and an important by-product of sugar, is widely used as a substitute for wheat in breakfast cereals.

7. Another important by-product, molasses, the syrup that remains after all crystallized sugar is extracted, is the same thing as sorghum.

8. Centralized factories, called *centrals*, revolutionized the industry around 1900. In Cuba, for example, the world's leading exporter, there were about a thousand mills in 1827, processing cane from some 990,000 acres. Today there are perhaps 161 *centrals* to serve almost seven million acres.



9. In Colorado, motorized combine is used to harvest beets, from which sugar may be extracted through a process discovered at the end of the eighteenth century by Franz Karl Achard, a German chemist. U.S. commercial production of this kind of sugar dates from about 1890.

10. Farmers buy beet sugar's most important by-product, the exhausted beet pulp, which, along with the green tops of the plants, goes into paper, cardboard, and so on.



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**APRIL 14**

**66**

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